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No. 470

IN FAITH.

BY EDEN E. REKFOR.

Beyond the vast, eternal sea
I see my dear ones stand,
And know they watch and wait for me
With many a beckoning hand.
But strong with faith in God above
His own good time I wait,
Content to trust the Eternal Love
Which leads home, soon or late.
I feel the presence of this love
About me all the way,
I am not walking here alone;
In God's my hand I lay.
He cheers me when I falter most,
By tender words and sweet,
And trustfully I follow him
Although with bleeding feet.
What matter if the way is long?
I know it leadeth home.
What matter if about my path
Earth's many sorrows come?
So with a faith that falters not,
I tread the toilsome way,
And wait my Father's own good time
To pass the gates of day.

Bowie,

The Knight of Chivalry; OR, WHAT A WOMAN WILL DO.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

AUTHOR OF "ELEGANT GILBERT," "TIGER DICK,"
"A HARD CROWD," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"YOU MUST NOT KNOW ME!"

"Dodge to one side! He cannot follow you. Dodge to one side, I say!"
Led by the subtle fascination of this girl's pure beauty, in such marked contrast with that of the siren who had so perturbed his passionate nature, James Bowie had followed Miriam, to be at hand in her time of need.

With one terrified glance in his direction the girl did as he bade her, narrowly escaping the jaws that opened like a huge trap.
The clumsy monster turned, but a bold man stood between it and its prey, and thrust a cudgel into the yawning throat. The iron jaws closed upon it with a snap, crunching it to atoms, but the reptile recoiled painfully wounded.

Instantly Bowie turned, caught the terrified girl in his arms, and bounded away with her to a tree, where he set her in safety among the branches, and turned to meet the foe that was charging him furiously.

As he had directed Miriam, he now sprang to one side, and, as the alligator passed, leaped upon its back.
Taken thus at a disadvantage, the ungainly monster sought to cast its bold rider, by rushing hither and thither, forward and backward, and by lashing its tail. But the scale armor of this weapon prevents its near approach to the back, and Bowie could crouch beneath its sweep and laugh at the vain attempts of the reptile to reach him.

Failing in every effort, the alligator would have plunged into the bayou, and, in its own element, become master; but, catching up a handful of mud, Bowie plastered it over the creature's eyes, and the formidable monster stopped short, utterly helpless.

Dismounting from his strange steed, which now stood motionless, Bowie went to its head, and taking fair aim, discharged his pistol into one of its eyes, then leaped out of danger.

The dying convulsions of the monster were terrible, and under the lash of its tail the rank vegetation was torn as if by a whirlwind. It lasted but a moment, however, when death still-ed all.

And now he was the recipient of her thanks. And she was a famous hero-worshiper, with her clinging ways, her soft voice, and her clear, searching eyes.

The man whom a wild beast could not daunt was so embarrassed by the gratitude of this simple, pure-hearted girl that he almost hailed Sammy's unmusical voice with a feeling of relief.

"What, ho! What, ho! What, ho! Hath jealous Fate torn my mistress from me! Yield her back, oh, ye dryads and satyrs!"
"Oh, Sammy!" cried Miriam, with a sudden smile of delight; and turning to her companion, added in her usual tone: "It is a friend who came with me."

"Hail! all hail, most sovereign lady! I thought—"

"Sammy, this gentleman has just saved my life!"

"Just done what?" asked the youth, staring blankly from one to the other.

"Just saved my life! I was attacked by an alligator! See—there it lies dead."

Sammy gazed at the dead reptile in white-lipped awe, then with deep emotion addressed Bowie:

"Sir, if it would repay you in any degree for what you have done, I would lay down my hands for you to walk upon!"

"Oh, Sammy! that is so like you!" murmured Miriam, resting her cheek against his arm and raising her tearful eyes to his face.

"That boy is no fool," reflected Bowie, recalling his introduction to him at the green-room door. "There was never more genuine pathos than in his voice and look now."

With a respect which a moment before he would not have thought possible, he grasped the youth's hand.

While James Bowie recovered his knife, which he had dropped in his novel ride, this dialogue passed rapidly between Miriam and Sammy:

"Do you suppose He would object to him?"

"What! the man who has just saved your life?"

"That was why I asked. That must make a difference."

"I should think so!"

"I want to ask him to lunch with us."

"Of course. Why not?"

The invitation was extended, and accepted more gladly than she knew.

In spite of herself, Miriam could not appear at ease, and to draw attention from her, Sammy brought forward his most extravagant conceits.

Through his fancy the snowy bread became ambrosia, the water nectar, and himself a male Hebe, the cup-bearer of the gods.



Leoline, the actress, tripping into the room, gazed in embarrassment from one excited face to the other.

It was after the repast was over that he made his most unlucky speech.

"Methinks, my lord, I have met thee before, when the Castle of the Lady Leoline was honored by thy presence."

"Yes," said Bowie, "and I have also had the honor of being of slight service to Miss Miriam on a former occasion."

"To me?" exclaimed the girl.

"No longer ago than last night, before the St. Charles Hotel. Are you not the same?"

"And you are the gentleman who—"

The girl turned pale and seemed to shrink from him in affright.

"I beg your pardon for recalling an unpleasant occurrence," said Bowie, not a little chagrined at his faux pas.

"It is not that," said Miriam, evidently in great distress and perplexity; "but I cannot—Oh! how can I tell you, when I owe you so much! I did not know that you were the gentleman who protected me from insult. I did not see you then, so that I could not recognize you to-day. And now you will think me so ungrateful—"

"I beg that you will dismiss the whole subject from your thoughts—"

"But I must tell you. And, oh! indeed it is a matter over which I have no control! And you will not think me ungrateful!" cried the girl, taking his hand in hers and raising her tearful eyes appealingly to his face.

"No," said Bowie, gravely. "I will not think you ungrateful."

"Well, I must make a request which will seem strange to you, and yet I cannot explain. Our acquaintance must stop here and now, and you must not try to find out who I am, nor appear to know me, if we meet by accident. Oh! I know that you feel hurt!"

"Go on," said Bowie, striving to conceal the pain which was far deeper than she imagined, because it sprang from a different source.

"And you must never speak of what has occurred to-day, nor must Sammy. Oh! will you forgive me? Indeed! indeed! I do appreciate all that I owe you, and the shameful return I am making—"

"Say no more, I beg of you. Of course your motives are correct. I do not seek to know them. You may rely on my discretion. And now, since my presence is painful to you, I will bid you good-by."

"Oh! how can I let you go like this?"

"I know what you feel, and that is sufficient for me. Good-by."

He bowed and was gone.

"Why, what is it all about?" asked Sammy, as the girl sunk on the ground in tears.

"Sammy, father saw me on the street last night, returning from the delivery of work that had to be taken home. Before the St. Charles a man attempted to stop me, and Mr. Bowie pushed him aside. Father was furious about it. I thought he would curse me. He forbade me ever to appear in the street again unattended, after dark, on any pretext whatever. He seemed terribly afraid that I should form the acquaintance of Mr. Bowie, though I assured him that I had not seen his face and should not know him if I were to meet him. But he persisted, and commanded me, if the gentleman ever caught me out, to have nothing to do with him. And now I have obeyed!"

"Miriam," said the boy, with questioning concern in his eyes, "why is your father so determined that you shall form no acquaintances among gentlemen—or any one else, for that matter?"

"I don't know, Sammy, our day is spoilt. Let us go home."

But Sammy was a better and wiser friend than that. By argument and persuasion he kept her out with nature until the shadows of the tropical night began to fall; and when again they found themselves amid the stir and bustle of the crowded city, the thoroughfares were ablaze with light from the shop windows and the entrances of places of amusement.

As they ascended the dark stairway to Miriam's home (lights are a luxury in cheap lodgings) they became aware that some one was hurriedly making the floor.

"It is the Curate!" whispered Sammy, and immediately added: "I beg your pardon!—your father."

"Oh! he is in one of his moods to-night!" reflected the girl, with quickening heart-beats.

To Sammy she whispered: "Let me go in alone. Here is the bouquet for Leoline. Good-night."

"I wish I could help you!" said the youth, wistfully.

"No! no! you cannot. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

Reluctantly he turned, after pressing her hand, and slowly went back down the steps.

Her heart swelling with grateful affection, the girl listened until his footsteps died away, then opened the door and entered her home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SLAVE OF A PASSION.

The Curate was pacing the room, striking his hands together excitedly, with flushed face and flashing eyes. Old age seemed to have fallen from him like a discarded mantle.

"Ah! these dingy walls—how I hate them!" he muttered. "They are stealing the beauty from my cheeks, like flowers blooming in the shade. Your home should and shall be hung with silken tapestry, carpeted with Indian rugs, and decorated with all that the world holds of beauty. Ah! Miriam, my darling, the night of sorrow and privation is past—the resplendent dawn of happiness and luxury is at hand."

Is it invoked by his impassioned apostrophe, the girl entered the room.

"Father!"

"My dear child!"

With genuine affection he took both her hands and kissed her on the brow. And she smiled lovingly, yet sadly, her eyes humid with deprecating pity.

"What! tears?" cried the Curate—"tears, when all is to be sunshine and happiness!—tears, when you are to have your home in town and your villa in the country!—tears, when you are to roll in your carriage on the boulevard, and dazzle the world of fashion with the splendor of your diamonds at the ceremonial ball!—tears, when your every wish is to be catered to, and the world is to be at your feet!—tears—"

"Father, stop!—oh, stop!" sighed the girl. "Why will you not abandon this vain dream?"

"Dream! Ay, it has been but a dream! But to-night comes the awakening to a glorious realization!—to-night comes the full fruition of the hope that has ended us through years and years of weary struggling and sickening defeat!"

"To-night, for the first time in my life, everything conspires in my favor. The bank has not had a reverse for thirteen weeks—after my unparalleled run of ill-luck, to-night is my thirteenth day of the delivery of work from the faro-table—to test the return of my luck, I tried dice this afternoon and threw triplet sixes three times in succession, followed by a throw of thirteen—and there is another coincidence of which I need not speak just now."

"By the way, you told me that you delivered some work last night!"

"Yes," replied the girl, faintly.

"For which you received?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Ah! so much! Why, that's a little fortune for these tiny hands to make! How sad that they should ever have to work for money! But never mind—they shall be covered with diamonds, before the year is out, to the amount of twenty times twenty dollars!"

"Miriam, I have an idea. You have no use for the money to-night. Lend it to me until to-morrow, and I will square it for you. Then you can buy your own jewels. Just think! how many belles can point to their gems, and say that the fingers earned their own adornment!"

"But, father," objected the girl, pale with distress, "our rent is over-due, and must be paid to-morrow."

"Rent!" cried the gambler, loftily; "to-morrow I shall have money enough to rent the grandest palace in all New Orleans!"

"But you might fail; and I would rather go without the gems than run such a risk."

The pleading of the girl, endeavoring to keep her scant earnings without wounding the vanity of her parent, was pathetic beyond description.

"But, child, I cannot fail!" cried the Curate.

"In twelve hours you may just as well have a hundred dollars for every one you have now."

And there is the provision-dealer. I could only get him to continue our credit by showing him the work, and assuring him that I would pay him in full to-morrow."

"What!" cried the Curate, furiously indignant, "does the scurvy knave dare to question my ability and readiness to meet my household expenses? Must my daughter stand my surly? See! I could buy and sell a score of such rascals!"

And drawing a long pocket-book from his inner vest pocket, the Curate displayed before the astonished eyes of his daughter a package of bank bills that made her clasp her hands and cry:

"Oh, father!"

"That," cried the Curate, dramatically, "is but the seedling from which is to spring a colossal fortune—such a fortune as the world has never seen!"

He pushed Miriam from his knee and arose, as he spread the money out on the table; then, swelling with enthusiasm in contemplation of the vast operations he had marked out for the future, continued speaking with gestures, as if delivering an address.

"I may as well tell you all, now that success is so near at hand. Do you think that I shall be content with the million dollars, more or less, that I shall get out of this inheritance? No! every third man you meet on change has a million! I will not stop short of a money power that shall sway the destinies of nations!"

"With a million dollars at command I can and will crush every faro bank in America! By that time the world will ring with my name, and I shall have to assail the strongholds of Europe—Baden-Baden and the rest—incognito. But they cannot and shall not escape!"

"When I have no more fields to conquer in this direction, I shall have amassed wealth which will make me a veritable Monte-Christo. Then I will go into the great money centers of the world, and take part in those operations around which is thrown a veil of legitimacy, though everybody knows they are but gambling by another name. Here, gray-headed old magistrates, before whom all the world has bowed as demi-gods, will be but ripe grain before my sickle!"

"Ha! ha!—the world shall own me king!"

With tears streaming from her eyes, the girl put her arms about him, and with her head nestled against his breast and her eyes raised pleadingly to his, cried:

"Oh, father! father! stop!—do stop!"

"And you," he continued, not heeding her, but taking her face between his palms and gazing into it with eyes that blazed with excitement—"you shall be instrumental in this grand consummation! With your twenty dollars and ten that Calignay has promised me I shall have thirty dollars! Is it not fate? Thirteen hundred dollars! Have you marked me!—the thirteen weeks of uninterrupted success on the part of the bank (gathering gold to swell my coffers)—my thirteen days of sequestration from the faro-table—speaking by the dice—and now (that I avoided speaking of a moment ago) thirteen hundred dollars! All in thirteen!—an unlucky number; but the bank leads with its thirteen weeks of luck, hence the number is unlucky for the bank—LUCKY FOR ME! Girl, get me the money!"

"Father, use what you have, if you will, but leave me the little sum that is to pay for our food to-morrow."

"No, that makes the sum complete. One defective link in the chain, and all might fail. Shall we risk the loss of millions for a paltry twenty dollars?"

"It is all that we have!"

"Peace! Get me the money at once—I command you!"

She had never disobeyed him. With the prospect of being homeless and hungry on the morrow, she crossed the room on leaden feet, unlocked a drawer in the dresser, and handed him her little purse.

Then she sank into a chair with her head on the table, and burst into tears.

With greedy eyes the gambler counted over the little sum of money, and added it to his

greater amount, then put the empty purse on the table.

"Miriam," he said, gently drawing the girl's head upon his breast, and removing her hands from her tear-wet face, "every tear is a reproach to me. Do you doubt my love?"

Before she could answer he suddenly cried: "Hark! there is a step in the lower hall! It is Calignay's! Miriam, he must not see you in tears. Retire to your room. My child, do not leave me the recollection of that sad face. It is enough to reverse my luck at the very moment of success. Cannot you smile?"

She smiled—oh! so sadly!—as she stood on tip-toe to kiss him. Then she glided from the room, and M. de Calignay was admitted.

From that interview the gambler came forth with the round sum of thirteen hundred dollars tucked to his breast with savage energy. There was a dizzy swimming sensation of the head, a snell of blood in his nostrils, a humming sound in his ears, and dark spots floating before his vision. He stood on the threshold of his great destiny—so he thought!

On his part, the wily Frenchman held a promissory note bearing Arthur Wingate's signature, and the amount left blank!

Reader, let me show you a picture which will tell its own sad story.

Imagine, if you please, along, brilliantly-lighted saloon, with tessellated floor, mirrored walls, and frescoed ceiling supported by slender Corinthian columns and hung with chandeliers that are masses of glittering crystal.

About one of the many elaborately-carved tables are grouped all the men in the room save those whose duties hold them elsewhere. On this table are piles of bank-notes and gold and silver coin which a croupier is in the act of raking into the coffers of the "bank."

Midway on one side of the table sits a man in stature, dressed in speckled broadcloth and immaculate linen, with no article of jewelry anywhere visible on his person. The most marked characteristic of the man is slippers.

His hair, scant in growth, is parted in the middle, and brushed until it seems to hide his scalp with not more than the thickness of a sheet of paper. His beardless face, and hands as fair as any woman's, seem slippery to the touch. His small, restless eyes wear the sign manual of insincerity. When he speaks, which is seldom, and always in a low voice, the words seem to glide from his tongue.

As he sits now, perfectly motionless, his livid pallor makes him look like a man of putty, only his eyes glitter like those of a snake, and there are lines about the corners of the mouth and the nostrils which remind one of a wild best just about to show its teeth.

This is Jerry Camp, the faro-banker.

A moment ago, after loss upon loss in uninterrupted succession, until the fortune he had spent years in amassing hung upon the turn of a single card, his face was as impassive as it is now, after that card has been turned and he knows that not only is his fortune secure, but he had added thousands of dollars to it in this one night.

The faces about the table are stamped with the pallor and awe that mark the presence of a great tragedy. One man stands with a look of almost helpless imbecility in his clammy face and the stoop of decrepitude in his frame. With dazed incredulity he watches the rake of the croupier sweep away his money, and with it all his mad hopes.

For an hour it seemed as if he were destined to break the bank of the great Jerry Camp, until men swore that he was the "Favorite of Fortune," and rushed in to place their mites beside his colossal stake, and partake in his success.

Calignay, in unshaken coolness in his great destiny, doubled his stake every turn of the cards, until the crash came that overwhelmed him with ruin.

The Curate has failed! He is a beggar!

Suddenly, without warning, he falls forward on the table, and so slips to the floor, to lie on an inanimate heap!

CHAPTER VII.

A DISAPPOINTED HOME.

In the gray of the morning Jerry Camp sat in his private office, in a quinary what to do with the Curate, who lay in a dull stupor in one of the rooms attached to the establishment.

Three-fourths of the sporting world had a strong acquaintance with the gambler, but no one knew anything more about him, or who were his friends.

But the dilemma adjusted itself when a stranger appeared before the faro-banker.

He bowed with his left hand behind him, under the skirt of his coat, and thrust a card, held between the first and middle fingers of his right hand, at Jerry Camp, as if about to prod him with it.

The card, greasy and grimed and frayed at the edges with long service, was disreputable and unwholesome in the extreme.

The man was quite as disreputable in appearance as his card.

He wore a crush hat which had long outlived its palmy days. His coat of alpaca had evidently seen service as an office coat, since the left sleeve bore unmistakable evidences of having been used as a pen-wiper. It was buttoned close about the throat, a handkerchief, not overly clean, being superadded. The two suggested a soiled shirt and no collar. His pantaloons of black cassimere, evidently sustained by one suspender, hung slovenly about his feet, to be frayed and dragged with dirt. In keeping with everything that pertained to their wearer, his shoes were run over at the heels.

Under his arm he carried a bag, such as law-yeers use, suggesting rather than preserving its original green color.

So much for externals. The man himself was a wizened-faced, gimlet-eyed little sharper, so mean that it seemed as if his soul gruded his bones enough flesh to cover them. His voice, when he spoke, was thin, as if air were an expensive commodity, or the speaker were trying to economize lung-force by using only half a word.

His style of delivery was of the "spread eagle" order. He was always addressing an imaginary jury.

Jerry Camp's visitor introduced himself thus: "Ezekiel Quirk, Esq.—at your service, sir—"

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, Room 49, (fourth floor), No. 7 Court House Place; retained, sir, in the interests of one Arthur Wingate, gentleman of leisure, otherwise known—and doubtless to you, sir—as 'the Curate.' I am advised, gentlemen of the— (Ah! I beg your pardon, sir! but habit is a hard master, is it not, sir?) I have received notification—ah, informally—that my client is now lying on

your premises, smitten by the hand of Divine Providence; and my business here, sir, is to effect a transfer to the bosom of my afflicted family. No doubt, sir, you will be glad to cooperate with me in the matter."

Jerry Camp received the lawyer's card, taking it gingerly between his finger and thumb by the cleanest-looking corner, glanced at it, ascertaining that Mr. Quirk had quoted its inscription verbatim, and placed it on the edge of the table, where it could not soil anything by contact.

We may remark in passing that, before leaving the spot, Erreth Quirk, Esq., stealthily repossessed himself of the card, to do service on future occasions.

"I will have a carriage called immediately, at my own expense," said the lawyer. "I am sorry that the occasion for it should have occurred. I thank you for relieving me from an embarrassing position."

With some difficulty the Curate was got into the landau which Jerry Camp procured for his accommodation.

Erreth Quirk followed, waved his hand loftily to those who were left on the walk, saying: "Good-morning, gentlemen!—good-morning!"

So they drove in the early morning to the humble lodgings of the man who had believed that to-day was to inaugurate the grandest financial career the world had ever witnessed.

Heavy-eyed with weeping and sleeplessness, Miriam answered Erreth Quirk's knock.

The lawyer doffed his hat and bowed with his hand on his head.

"My dear Miss Wingate," he said, "I hope that you will rise superior to the common weaknesses of your sex. A painful duty has devolved upon me. In the absence of my client, M. de Caligny, who is now out of town, I am acting as I know he would act."

Miriam's eyes began to distend with foreboding, and her lips fell apart, beginning to quiver.

"Madam," pursued the lawyer, "I beg that you will be calm. I assure you that there is no cause for anxiety. The case of the defendant—(Madam) with a low bow of deprecation, you will surely pardon me if my life vocation intrudes itself occasionally into my speech! I was about to say that, although your father has been unfortunate, a few days in the calm of the family circle, with the consolations which your affection will prompt, will restore him to his wonted equanimity."

"My father has failed!" gasped Miriam, paling with the consciousness of all that those few words portended.

"Let us hope that it will prove a grand success. If it cures him of—I beg your pardon!—shall I say—his unfortunate position?"

"He has failed!" repeated the girl, in a scared tone.

"Ah! Where is he?" she gasped; and then, with a quivering cry: "Oh, father!"

"I beg that you will calm yourself. There is no occasion for alarm—not the least in the world. I came before to prepare you. We will fetch him up at once—Ah!"

The girl heard the words "we will fetch him up," and with a sharp cry of desperation dashed through the door and fled down the stairs as fast as her feet would carry her.

Seeing her father's recumbent posture in the landau, she inferred that he was dead, killed by the shock of failure, or hurried into the dread hereafter by his own hand—the recourse of so many ruined couples—dead, with a shudder that startled the people whose vocations called them thus early into the street, she leaped into the carriage, clasped the loved form in her arms, and fainted away.

Windows were thrown up on both sides of the street, and heads thrust forth—some night-capped, more from lack of sleep, than from curiosity. Pedestrians stopped in their hurried walk and ran across the street; others came round the corners; until, with the surprising celerity with which crowds form in a populous city, the carriage was surrounded by an excited throng, everybody asking everybody else what was the matter, or volunteering theories derived from data which were common to all observers—a man semi-unconscious and a girl wholly so lying together in a carriage.

At last father and daughter were got up-stairs, and the crowd dispersed.

Later, Erreth Quirk, Esq., took his departure. He expressed regret at his inability to serve her further, business engagements, which his duty to his own family—he was a poor man, with a family large in proportion, or, perhaps, disproportionate—warned him must not be neglected.

She comprehended not a word that he uttered. So now she sat alone, overwhelmed.

The morning advanced. By and by there came a knock on her door.

She rose weary—poor thing! She was faint with hunger, though she knew it not, having eaten nothing since yesterday—closed her father's door as she passed through it, and opened the outer door.

She stood face to face with her landlord—or, more correctly, his agent—who bowed with an obsequious smile that turned her sick at heart!

The house-agent was a man of a little less than the ordinary stature, with flesh enough to make him weigh in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds. Physically, he was a well-fitted animal. Intellectually, he viewed every thing in the relation to his five senses, and valued it in just the degree to which it contributed to their gratification. If he had any moral sense, it never operated as a check upon his actions. His conscience was circumscribed by the statutory law.

His bullet-head, his restless little eyes, his heavy lips, showed cunning, cruelty, grossness. He put his hat under his arm while bowing, and entered the room rubbing his hands and still nodding his head at each step, the fawning smile of innate sycophancy on his face.

"Ah! Miss Miriam, good-morning!" was his salutation. "A pleasant morning we're having—a very pleasant morning. And you are looking well, my dear—remarkably well. Ah! what would we do without youth and beauty!—what indeed?"

The girl followed the door as she opened it, backing out of the way of the house-agent, so that he could enter without passing near her.

"Good-morning, Mr. Gross. Be seated, if you please," she said, faintly, motioning him to a chair at one end of the table, while she stood at the other end.

"Thank you, my child! thank you!" said Gross, sinking into the chair with a hand on either knee, and continuing to rub his knees as before he had rubbed his hands together. "Ah! I am somewhat heavy on my feet, and these stairs are long—very long—interminable! But, bless me, my dear, the sight of your charming face is like a draught of old wine—it is indeed always feel repaid for the effort of mounting heavenward. Ah! ah! that is good! Yes, yes, it is mounting heavenward indeed to come where you are. But, pardon me! Ha! ha! These compliments must seem trite—ah—stale and unprofitable to you, since one of your beauty—your beauty and winning graces, my dear, must be sufficed with them every day."

The girl, who was not used to Mr. Gross's peculiar style of conversation, flushed scarlet while she stood trembling with downcast eyes, waiting for him to cease speaking.

Timidly she raised her eyes from the table to his face, with a mute appeal that must have reached the most infinitesimal soul, had there been such a thing in the possession of this animal, whose business in the world was to feed himself on savory viands, to clothe his body in warm fabrics, and to repose on downy beds of ease.

"Mr. Gross," she said, in a choking voice, "I am very sorry that I cannot pay you the money that is due you to-day."

"Hum!" replied Gross, "I don't mind. He began to stroke his stubby beard, and the smile faded from his face.

"Let me see," he said, reflectively. "It was due—ah—last week—yes, this day week."

"Yes," replied the girl, faintly.

"Hum—ah—does my memory serve me? It seems to me that you said something about some work that you could rely on."

"You didn't get paid as you expected, I suppose?"

"Yes, I was paid," said the girl, in a voice that could scarcely be heard.

"Then you got the money! How did it happen that you did not save it for me?"

The girl wrung her hands and writhed in an agony of embarrassment. She could not cast the blame on her father. Yet how otherwise could she explain?

"I cannot tell you," she replied; "but indeed I fully intended to pay you. And I will get work, and let you have the money as soon as possible."

The house-agent knit his brows and tapped his foot on the carpet.

"Hum! It is a week overdue, and there is no definite prospect—"

"I will do the best I can. If you will trust me, I will not fail you again."

"You see, my principal is a hard man—a very hard man indeed. And I have little or no discretionary power. Only last week he compelled me to sell out a poor family. At heart he is a miser. Ah! I have no idea what became of them."

The girl clenched her hands together and quivered from head to foot, gazing at the speaker with her eyes distended.

"I could wait on you last week," pursued Gross, "only because my report has not to be rendered until to-morrow. The account must be straight then, or I will receive instructions to proceed against you at once."

A shiver ran through the girl's frame.

"But I can't do that," continued the house-agent. "I'd rather pay the rent out of my own pocket."

"Oh! I can't have you do that!" cried Miriam, quickly.

Instinctively she shrank from placing herself under personal obligations to this man.

"There is no other way, my dear. And I have always wanted to befriend you. It is a shame that you should have to work so hard—one so young and beautiful as you. See here, I will take this burden off your shoulders. Ha! You didn't look for fatherly benevolence from an old fellow like me! But, bless you! I've got a soft corner in my heart. Eh, my pet?"

While speaking he caught her by the wrist and pulled her round to him, smiling like a beast-leader.

The cry that rose to her lips she smothered by clenching her teeth resolutely. Concentrating all her energies in one desperate effort, she struck him full in the face and tore herself free, then darted across the room and seized the knob of her father's door. There she turned to gaze at her assailant, panting.

Thus far she had gone instinctively seeking her natural protector; yet she knew that he must not be disturbed, and paused before opening the door.

Gross had risen to his feet, and stood purple with chagrin. The mark of her hand burned like fire.

"Well," he said, with a sardonic grin, "you are a striking example of female energy and virtue. One in your condition, I think I may say that you are a *parfait* lady. I suppose you know that the good always suffer, and appreciate the particular penalty in your own case? Need I mention that your rent is secured by your furniture, in the contract you—or, I think, your father signed on taking the rooms; and that I can sell you out at an hour's notice! All because of my hard-hearted principal, you know!" he sneered.

The indignant words that pressed for utterance at Miriam's lips were repressed. Alas! the poor cannot always afford even to resent insult! If this man chose to put his threat into execution, what would become of her father?

"Oh! you cannot have the heart to put us out," she cried. "My father is lying here ill. He cannot be thrust into the street."

"Oh! the old gambler is in the house, is he?—and ill! Well, that is the place for him."

"The hospital!" gasped the girl.

That was what she had feared. The poor dread the hospital like a prison—an unreasonable antipathy, yet difficult to eradicate.

Yes, said Gross, brutally. "He will get better care there than he deserves. I will send the ambulance and the sheriff here together."

"Oh, I beg of you!" cried Miriam, advancing toward the house-agent with clasped hands.

With a stride he got within reach, and again grasped her wrist, interrupting her with a passionate outburst.

"I know what you would say. If he goes to the hospital, he will die a dog's death, of neglect, and be given to the doctors for dissection. Well, my naughty beauty, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he goes there because you have spurned the kindly offices of one who would befriend you as far as he can."

"What more he might have said was interrupted by a knock; and without waiting for permission (which showed that the visitor felt at home) the door was opened.

Leoline, the letter-carrier, slipped into the room with a smile on her lips which instantly faded as she paused in embarrassment and gazed from one excited face to the other.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 469.)

TRUTH.

BY WILLIAM LINSINGER.

Thus, as these lines I slowly trace
Across this spotless page,
Will time all earthly things efface,
And passing leave no trace
But the vile dusts of age;
But Truth and Virtue mounting high
Shine on from the sky,
And smile forever from the light
Beyond the gens of night!

A Bride at Sixteen; OR, The Gulf Between Them.

BY RETT WINWOOD.
AUTHOR OF "WITH A GIRL'S HEART," "KATHERINE'S MARRIAGE," "A DANGEROUS WOMAN," "ETHEL DREME," "SWEETHEART AND WIFE," "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," "THE CHILTON ESTATE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Success to the stout heart, say I,
That sees its fate, and can defy.

—FAUST.

Some hours elapsed before Gwendolen experienced any great degree of uneasiness at Lenore's continued absence. Believing her friend had taken a book and wandered to some sunny portion of the grounds, she gave little further thought to the matter. Not until day was declining did the first vague emotions of dread assail her mind.

Catching up her shawl, she ran out by herself to search for Lenore. A clew could she find to the missing girl until the grove of trees was nearly reached. Here, in one of the secluded walks, she picked up a knot of ribbon that Lenore had worn at her throat when she left the house.

Following the clew thus afforded, she penetrated the grove, and reached the lane. She found the soft turf torn by hoofs and indented by carriage-wheels, though it had never been used as a thoroughfare since Major Pascal's occupation of the premises.

The discovery filled Gwendolen's mind with the most direful apprehensions. She searched all the vicinity for some further token of her friend, but none came to light, and the deepening twilight soon compelled her to desist. Her

face was white, her limbs trembling when at length she returned to the house.

"There is some treachery in this," she thought. "Lenore would not have gone away willingly without speaking to me of her intention. And it is quite evident that she is gone."

She passed an uneasy night. Morning dawned, and Lenore had not made her appearance. The servants were beginning to wonder and comment, but Gwendolen said nothing to Major Pascal or Valentine. It would have been useless—neither of them would have made an effort to penetrate the mystery.

Ordering her horse as soon as breakfast was over, she rode to Greenmont and asked for Ross St. Clair. One of the servants showed her into a small anteroom, and the young man shortly stood in her presence.

"You wished to see me, I believe?" he said, in the faint grave courtesy he usually employed with strangers.

"Yes," Gwendolen answered, looking at him steadily. "Where is Lenore?"

A change was perceptible in his face. He turned it away as if wishing to conceal his emotion.

"Why do you come to me for news of her?"

"Missing!"

"Missing!"

There was no mistaking his start of surprise and dread. If Gwendolen had accused him in her own thought of being instrumental in causing Lenore's disappearance, she did it no longer.

"Missing!" he repeated, his voice sounding curiously hoarse. "Missing since when? Pray tell me all about it."

She left the house, yesterday afternoon, as if for a short time, not seen her since."

Rose dropped his face in his hands and remained thus for several minutes. When he raised it he looked as if he were shivering.

"Miss Dunreath has probably returned to her friends," he said. "I would rather not speak of her any more. I don't know why you should come to me for information concerning her movements."

Gwendolen rose, looking flushed and angry. "Can I see Miss St. Clair?" she abruptly demanded.

"My sister has left Greenmont for the present. She went away last night."

"Where?"

"To a funny old house on the sea-shore that she inherited from my mother. It is called Dismal Hollow."

"Dismal?" Gwendolen opened wide her eyes. A strange, startling suspicion flashed upon her mind.

"Why did she go there?"

"It was a sudden whim, and took us all by surprise. She said she wished to get away quite by herself for a time."

"The house must be a lonesome one, judging from its name."

"It is," Ross answered, wearily, as if the subject held very little interest for him. "Situated on an inhospitable coast, with no other habitation in sight, it could not well be otherwise. I would hardly have been permitted to take up her abode there, especially at this season of the year."

"Does she expect to remain some weeks?"

"That is a matter she had not decided when she went away."

Gwendolen turned to go. Her heart was beating. The suspicion that had flashed so suddenly upon her mind was strengthened into something like conviction. She had heard enough from Lenore to feel assured that Berenice was the girl's enemy. Had she taken some sudden step to defend the poor soul forever of her rights as the wife of Ross?

A few agitated words that the young man uttered at parting seemed to answer the question entirely.

"Of course you are aware that Miss Dunreath and I were more than mere friends at one period of our lives. That fact came out of the examination, though Lenore had probably confided so much of her history to you already. I need not tell you how deeply I loved her," and his voice sounded curiously hollow as he uttered these words.

"I have tried to forget her fondly tried. But it is the hardest task I ever undertook. My heart has yearned toward her strangely during this season of bitter trouble. I should have gone to her and made an earnest effort to reclaim her but for Berenice's persuasions. My sister has put forth every effort to keep me back—I now see that she was right—Lenore has given up all that is good and true, and gone back to those who will lead her into the great depths of evil."

He dropped Gwendolen's hand, which he had held in his fevered clasp while speaking, and walked away abruptly before she could interpose.

A good deal bewildered by his strange words, not more than half of which were comprehensible to her mind, she hurried from the house. But, on the way out she took time to make careful inquiries of a servant she met as to the exact location of the house called Dismal Hollow. These were all answered to her satisfaction.

"It may be that I wrong Miss St. Clair by cherishing suspicion, but I can't help feeling that there is some connection between her abrupt departure and my darling Lenore's disappearance," thought the quick-witted girl. "My next move will be in the direction of Dismal Hollow. If Lenore is there, detained against her will, as I surmise, she shall be rescued from the clutches of these wretches."

As soon as Gwendolen entered the house on reaching home, she was struck by the unusual commotion that prevailed. Trunks and boxes were piled in the hall, and the servants were hurrying to and fro, and her astonishment she stepped one of the maids.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded, indicating the luggage piled up against the wall.

"The girl started."

"Is it possible you didn't know, my lady? We were all to leave here this morning, except Cook and the coachman."

"Where to?"

"Master has ordered us back to his house in town."

Gwendolen passed on without questioning the girl further. This sudden movement on the part of her guardian surprised her very much, however. She sat down in her own room and waited impatiently for Major Pascal to appear and announce his intention, or one of the maids to come to pay her a visit.

"I shall go on to New York, if my guardian insists upon it," she thought. "It will be easier to reach Dismal Hollow from that point than from here."

Several hours wore on, and she was not disturbed. About midday she saw the servants depart in two large wagons that also held their luggage. The sight sent an unpleasant thrill through her heart.

"How strange that they should have been sent on in advance! I really feel as if the matter ought to be inquired into."

She had risen to leave the room when someone rapped at the door. Major Pascal at last, but with an expression on his face that caused Gwendolen to shrink back involuntarily as she looked at him.

"Your journey of this morning was a book-lesson, it appears," he said, slowly drawing near. "You found no clew to your missing friend?"

"None that can be relied on," was the evasive answer.

"It is quite as well. You may consider yourself well rid of a troublesome guest. This time Miss Dunreath is not likely to return."

Gwendolen made no reply.

"She left most opportunely for my plans. Her influence over you was not a good one. She made you ungrateful and rebellious. Hereafter I shall expect to find you more dutiful."

"Uncle Pascal, I have always obeyed you in all things just and reasonable."

"No doubt you think so. But you conventionally draw the dividing line to suit yourself."

He walked to the window and stood there a moment gazing out the pane, evidently at a

loss how to continue. Gwendolen helped him out of the difficulty in her straightforward way.

"You have something more to say to me: what is it?"

Major Pascal wheeled slowly round.

"You are right—my real purpose in seeking this interview remains to be disclosed. Gwendolen, my dear child, I am more considerate for you than you are for yourself. I have decided to save you from the consequences of your own headstrong passions."

Gwendolen felt her cheeks blanch. "I do not understand you," she simply said.

"If left to your own devices, you would throw yourself away upon that fortune-hunter, Robert Merton. It must not be permitted. I, your guardian, say it shall not be!"

"How are you to prevent it?" asked Gwendolen, with a flash of sudden anger.

"By giving you to my son, who is wholly devoted to you, as his wife."

"You have scarcely the power to do that."

A dark smile of triumph curled the major's lips.

"Do not delude yourself, my fair ward. At the present moment my power is unlimited. Shall I tell you why? You are here alone in this house with only myself and Valentine, and two or three trusty servants who are pledged to my interests."

Gwendolen started. Her guardian's sudden whim in sending away the greater number of the domestics was clear enough to her mind now. She laid a trembling hand on the back of the chair from which she had risen, saying, in a low voice:

"I may be at your mercy, as you assert. But I still do not think you will attempt coercion."

"Then you have mistaken me, and it is time we understood each other better," said the villain, his face growing blacker at every word. "If I employ harsh means to break your obstinate will, it is because you leave me no other resource. You will not pass these doors until you go forth as the bride of my son."

Gwendolen threw back her head, all that she possessed of fiery anger bubbling up within her.

"You have no right to force this marriage upon me. It is every way obnoxious. I warn you that the outcome that I shall never yield!"

"That remains to be seen. As yet you have scarcely tasted the fruits of disobedience. I'll bend your will or break it!" hissed the wretch, shaking his clenched fist at her as he slowly retreated from the room.

The door was closed, the key turned in the lock. It was the first open act of hostility.

Gwendolen sat down again, gasping with dismay. Nobody knew better the unscrupulous nature with which she had to deal. What would be the result of the decided stand she had taken.

Late in the afternoon she rung the bell—more as an experiment than because she wanted anything. A strange young woman appeared. A glance into her coarse, hard-featured face told Gwendolen that Major Pascal had found a worthy tool.

"Please send my maid to me," she said.

"I'm to wait on you, my lady. Them's my orders. There's nobody else to do it."

"Did my maid leave with the other servants?"

"She did, ma'am."

"How long have you been here?"

"Two hours—not longer, ma'am."

"That will do. You may go, now. I have nothing for you to do."

The woman dropped a courtesy and withdrew. Gwendolen was at a dull, aching pain, a sense of foreboding struggling together in her heart.

It was not for Lenore than herself that she feared. What would the poor child do, deprived of her only friend?

The next day the young woman, whose name was Ann Hawkins, brought Gwendolen a note from her father. It was very brief, containing only these words:

"I trust you will forgive me my share in this wretched business. I consented to it under protest. My father has made up his mind that you shall not be permitted to throw yourself away; nothing can move him from this determination. When you are once my wife you will think better of us all."

Gwendolen was tearing the paper in pieces, when she observed that Ann's eyes were bent upon her in a very singular expression.

"Come here," she said, abruptly. "How much does your guardian give you for acting as my jailer?"

"Fifty dollars, ma'am," came the straightforward answer.

"Is that all? I will double the sum if you promise to serve me while pretending to serve him."

Ann's face took on a sudden flush. Greed was the strongest passion of her nature.

"What can I do, ma'am?" she asked, in a suppressed whisper.

"That will depend upon the nature of the emergency. Can I trust you?"

Ann shook her head doubtfully.

"Wait a little, ma'am. I ain't prepared to say what I will do, or what I won't. Give me time to think it over."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Star Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1879.

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Insatiable Gold Bullet Sport,

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BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

The great white woods around the head-waters of the Penobscot and Kennebec to this day are the Hunter's and Trapper's Winter Paradise, and the Lumberman's El Dorado. The vast region is flanked by mighty mountains, of which hoary-headed old Katahdin is monarch; and in the very bosom of the giant hills repose the almost numberless lakes of wondrous names which are, in summer, the sportsman's and "pilgrim's" Arcadia. To this remote and almost unbroken wilderness the author carries us, and in a series of sports, adventures and experiences of a most exciting and enjoyable nature lets us into the very core of the life and character of those silent and pathless fastnesses. Our readers will immensely enjoy the papers.

Sunshine Papers.

How to Keep Him.

II.

But how to keep him?—Ah! that is quite another question! But it can be done, my dear, unless you are really the most disagreeable person in the world—and was ever a woman that?

As soon as you have caught (I detect that word, but it is so applicable to the way a great many girls get the dear, desired creature) a beau, do not flatter yourself that, because the young man walks home with you from church, and drops in to see you quite regularly Wednesday evenings, he is incurably in love with you, and already is meditating the most graceful manner and enticing words wherewith to make known his desire to have you for a wife. Bless you, men are not quite such idiots as young women like to believe them! The cases are very rare where they actually love a woman "at first sight," or even second sight! And if you make the mistake of thinking a gentleman extremely in love with you, when he first commences to pay you little attentions, and that your aim in life—to secure a husband

—is attained, you will soon find yourself a sadly disappointed maiden.

The special attentions of gentlemen to ladies often commence in the most trivial manner—a desire to pique some other lady, the necessity of doing a favor, idleness, a hundred varied and unimportant whims. One marriage of which I know, was the result of a lady's insulting indifference to a new acquaintance. The gentleman was introduced to her while she was engaged in grouping flowers for a fair, and, purchasing a bouquet, upon the arrangement of which she particularly felicitated herself, presented it to her. Probably their acquaintance would have ended then and there had he not discovered, that evening, that she had sold the bouquet, in utter forgetfulness that it had been a gift to herself. Fiqued by a feminine indifference to which he was unaccustomed, he could not forget the girl; and, a few months later, embraced an opportunity to meet her, again, under circumstances that rendered it necessary for him to act as her escort from a friend's home to her own. Her liveliness pleased him, but again he was chagrined by her unflattering regard of himself, and incited to further acquaintance. In trying to conquer the lady's indifference he came to love her passionately, court her assiduously, and, finally, to enter into a most happy and desirable marriage with her.

Scores, nay, hundreds of weddings have been the results of as unpropitiously commenced acquaintances. So that while a gentleman's attentions to a lady do not necessarily, or even usually, at the first, augur marriage, it remains with the lady to despoil her beau's admiration or liking into friendship, and friendship into real love. But she cannot do this, note you, by acting from the beginning of their acquaintance either as if she cared greatly for him, or believed he cared much for her. As soon as his lordship discovers that you are anxious for his company, or regard him with attachment, while he will, doubtless, feel something flattered and elated, all the spice and delicious uncertainty will have vanished from his desire to cultivate your acquaintance, leaving him with a real indifference or contempt for you and an unwillingness to any closer intimacy. Men do not value that which is easily attainable.

"Thus it is over all the earth! That which we call the fairest, And prize for its surpassing worth, Is always rarest."

There is a fascination about uncertainty, and that which is hardly won, which precipitates men into the greatest zeal and ardor. While from the girl who is plainly anxious for a lover, they turn with contemptuousness as from the over-ripe pear that drops into the hand the moment it is uplifted to the bough, in hope of grasping the golden beauty that swings tantalizingly among the highest foliage.

Then, young ladies, see to it that whatever your feelings may be for the man who has commenced to pay attentions to you, you keep them well guarded from his critical and fastidious eyes. Treat him cordially; but no more cordially than if he was Thos. Jones, or John Brown. Thank him gracefully for any special favor or attention he shows you, but no more warmly than if you were accustomed to receiving the same kindness from half a dozen other gallant cavaliers. Extend him pleasant invitations to visit your home, but do not be over-solicitous; and express neither regret nor surprise when he does not come. If you have occasion to ask him to act as your escort to some place, do not state the case as if you were the one to be greatly obliged by his going, but as if it was showing him a very pleasant favor to ask him, and you were quite ready to provide yourself with another protector in case he preferred to be excused. If you find that he is extremely fond of some one of your accomplishments, dancing, singing, instrumental performances, do not suffer him with it. Play, or sing, or dance your very best, but not always for him, nor even too often for him. Arouse in him not only a desire for your society, but a respect for your own individual character and charms. Remember that while excessive prudery is disgusting on the one hand, too little formality is quite as much to be censured on the other.

Never act toward a gentleman to whom you are not betrothed as if you were jealous of him, or considered that you had special claims upon his time and attentions, or were very desirous to have such. If he treats you cavalierly, however much his act may hurt you, do not parade your grief; but show good-humored indifference, or pleasant retaliation. And, under no circumstances, allow a suitor to claim or assert the privileges of a lover, until he has thus declared himself, to the perfect understanding of yourself and your parents.

In brief—be as natural, as honest, as charming, as sensible, as entertaining as possible, toward any gentleman for whose friendship you really care. But, keep always in mind that girls who openly express or evince a desire for beaux, and to get married, are the ones whom men ridicule and whose intimate acquaintance they are least likely to cultivate.

Men often affect to love, but seldom truly do, where genuine respect does not walk hand-in-hand with admiration and liking. And remember again that it is with love as with all other ends for which masculinity strives—the more unattainable its object appears the more intently will the lover be to win and make it his own!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

"SERVANTS."

Tuz other day I came across a picture in an English publication, representing a very elegant woman, who was in the act of having her hair dressed by a very pretty, but care-worn-looking maid, while a child is seated upon an ottoman fondling a dog. By some lines underneath the picture, it seems that the little miss is asking her mother if she doesn't think "Fido" had better be vaccinated.

"What nonsense! They only vaccinate human beings." To which the child adds, "Why, Madame F. has had all her servants vaccinated!" I cannot censure the child—that is the mother's place—because she is only repeating what she has heard; but I do censure the mother for allowing her child to associate servants and dogs in her mind as equals. Maybe it is because the child has seen these servants treated so unlike human beings that she has come to consider they really are not such—that her Fido, indeed, is superior to the maid. It is sometimes perfectly painful to listen to a recital of a housekeeper's troubles with her servants—and I don't doubt but servants are faulty; but does the fault lie wholly with them? Are mistresses perfect, and do they, themselves, know what they do want or how the work should be done? It seems to me it would be better if housekeepers took more interest in the affairs of the kitchen and chamber, and not a waste of time to tell over one's grievances and troubles concerning the shortcom-

ings of servants? Wouldn't the time be better employed to help, encourage and instruct those who try to do your work in your ways?—in fact, to treat them like human beings!

I know several families who have had servants in their employ for fifteen or twenty years and it is because they are, and have been, well treated. "Those servants must have been exceptionally good from the start." No, they were not; they were quite *verand*, but they strove hard to work well, they were not scolded, pecked at and found fault with when their work did not satisfy; they were encouraged and instructed to do better. When their work was worthy of commendation they received their share of praise.

Some stupid, mean-minded people imagine that it spoils servants to praise them—makes them vain. To withhold that praise is worse, for it will make them less anxious to please, and to scold them *all* the time is to dispirit them. I never found one individual yet who enjoyed a good scolding. Did you?

But, some people love to scold; they take a real and decided pleasure in it; it comes like a second nature to them. Some school-teachers fall into this error, and that is why children hate them, and dread school-hours. Were teachers to strive to interest their pupils in them and in their studies, instead of scolding knowledge into dull brains, it would "pay." If children were treated like human beings then they wouldn't be hectored and railed at like dogs.

Governesses are poorly paid, compelled to work hard, and the little they earn is grudgingly doled out to them as though it were a charity alms-giving and not what one has labored for. If children don't or *won't* learn, the "governess is unfit for her situation"—it is *all* her fault, and she is taken to task for what is *not* her shortcoming; she is treated unfeelingly—harshly, where sympathy and pity ought to be hers. Such usage of an intelligent, refined woman is simply brutal—inhuman.

Let us put ourselves in the places of those whose labor we seek and see if we would desire to be treated either as inferiors, or dependents, or fools, or rogues.—for it is few servants indeed who are not, at times, relegated to one of these conditions. We are all, in a measure, a "servant" to some one. We are all *dependent* upon some one higher in station than ourselves for our support. It is not good, nor wise, nor sensible, nor safe of us to have too high an opinion of our exalted selves; somebody *might* place a mirror before us that would reflect what we really are.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Meteorology of March.

It does not strain my modesty very much to announce that Old Probabilities will soon have to resign in favor of Old Possibilities, which is my given name at present, because I am as weather-wise as a weather-vane itself. I can predict the weather a long way ahead, and have achieved signal success without the aid of the signal service, or the Freedmen's Bureau.

As soon as an appropriation is made by the present Congress I intend to go to Washington, the City of Magnificent Appropriations, and take my prophetic stand on top of the White House and arrange the weather daily for all parts of the United States.

My weather bulletin for March is just out and here it is:

MARCH BULLETIN FOR THE U. S.

1st. Sun rises too early for most people. This day March will have a bad, strong breath, and she will be blowing around considerably. Wind ground to exceeding sharpness, with two edges, and going faster than if it was shot out of a shotgun. Plenty of signs of no rain. Storm signals (a mop) will be displayed in good many home harbors. Thermometer will be down to twelve o'clock in the shade. Yeast rising gradually. Barometer up to three-fingers, with a little sugar. Moon won't rise, because the night will be too dark and the gas bad.

2d. Wind up 15 degrees and hourly rising, taking a few bald-headed hats with it. Direction of wind, from both points of the compasses (better to break off points of compasses). Barometer up to zwei glass. Velocity of wind, so fast you can't see it. Heaviest fall of snow of the season—off a roof in Broadway, so the fellows who will be dug out will observe. Very cloudy around the North Pole. Thermometer leaking. Hope for better weather in the temperate circle, and also in the family circle.

3d. Zephyrs, breezes, winds, gales and tornadoes all mixed up in a lump and on the go as if they had got frightened at something. Speed: six chimneys a minute. Wind so strong the earth is blown around twice as fast as usual; day, as a consequence, only 12 hours long. Thermometer down—blown off the wall. Clouds all blown to pieces. Several humble husbands blown up. People's words carried unbroken over into neighboring towns, so be careful how you and your wife jaw each other. Barometer up to the second story.

4th. Weather exceedingly active. Wind will start off without waiting for breakfast. An unsuccessful air-brake will be tried on the wind by a celebrated inventor. You will imagine that there soon will be no more wind in the month. Heavy fall of icicles along the streets. Thermometer takes its first degree above zero.

5th. Some more wind. The South donating the same or sending it back. Thermometer up to par. Warner. General direction of wind will be down the chimneys. Clear, with rain. Hail, Columbia, as large as potatoes. Congressmen from Julip will introduce a bill to destroy every windmill and bellows in the land. Terrific occasional squalls—in the nursery.

6th. The atmosphere will be on a lively tramp, going arm in arm with a heavy rain, which will stumble and fall right along, at the rate of sixty miles an hour and no stations. Wind will be six inches to the foot—your foot. The day will be thirty hours long because of the bad roads which Time will have to travel in.

7th. This day will begin at 12 A. M., and be 24 hours long, and 99,000,000 miles deep. Look out of doors for wind. Good time to store wind away for summer use. If you have any difficulty with your wife, just keep quiet, and it will be likely to blow over. Thermometer stationary, but mercury going up.

8th. No use of people getting out of breath to-day, since so much of it will be around loose. Weather will be as fine as a day in January. Frosty—especially in toes.

9th. Wind going nowhere as fast as it can, and asking no questions, and likely to blow out the light of the sun. Heavy showers of cats and dogs from adjacent towns.

10th, 11th and 12th. Refreshing breezes which blow everybody good. Equal-knocks-you-all storms prevailing. Cautionary signals

will be displayed during these days in all the harbors of the Erie canal.

13th and 14th. Windless as a tenant's wall. It has to stop during these days to rest and catch breath. Thermometer forty degrees north latitude. Very calm in many houses. Handkerchief signals will be displayed on the streets. Look out of the window for rain at night.

15th. Winds very high—2 dollars a barrel. Thermometers low; to 6 1-4 cents apiece. Look in for bad colds. Rheumatism blowing down street, dodge around the corner. Expect your country relations this day. Frosted cake and ears.

16th. Wind, calm, rain, drouth, heat and cold all at once—a terrible mixture. Look out for pneumonia and ammonia. Thermometer goes down and up so fast that you can't see it at all.

17th to 20th. Sleet, with wind in it. Streets will be so sleek that the wind slips along at 100 miles an hour with greatest ease. Slope, slip, slop, kerslap! Humanity on a common level. Many a slip between the foot and the hip. Feet up, heads down. Debtors slip off. Every two men on street a pair of slippers. Shivery shakery! Bad colds in your head; go out into the wind to get your nose blowed.

21st to 25th. Wind gives a free blow every day alike. Clear but cloudy. Get into a comatose state and look out for comets. Eclipse of sun delayed on account of the weather. Jupiter skips and skirls about Venus and gets a black eye. The moon will be the evening star, by special arrangement with the manager—the man in it. Thermometers climbing up the spout. Sunshine of a bad quality. Threats of cutting off the sun entirely and giving the lighting contract to Edison.

26th. A windsome day. People begin to think that March is the worst winter month. Muffle up your auge warmly and hang it by the stove. Water-pipes begin to thaw out some. Nerves in teeth begin to thaw out, too, and get lively. Rain, accompanied by clouds. Gale breaks loose. Momentum very momentous. Pressure, ten pounds to the square foot, fifty pounds to the square head. Frequent showers of old boots and cans from adjacent towns. Rain sliding down on the wind. Thermometer stationary, if nailed to the wall.

28th. The wind blows where it listeth; it climbs up big trees and breaks whole limbs off. Wind is a regular blow-hard, with signs of more wind.

29th and 30th. Wind up four miles high and still a-rising. Weather all blows out of these days.

31st. This day will be blown entirely out of the month of March.

OLD POSSIBILITIES,

(Washington Whitehorn.)

Topics of the Time.

—An examination of 8,000 school children in Boston reveals the fact that while eight per cent. of the boys are color blind, only one per cent. of the girls are thus afflicted. Anybody who has ever heard an average woman describe a neighbor's new spring bonnet knows well enough that color blindness is not one of the peculiarities of the gentles sex.

—A scientific excursion is being fitted out at Yankton by Dr. W. A. Burleigh for a trip of exploration to the head-waters of the Yellowstone and Big Horn rivers. The proposed excursion is gotten up at the instigation of a number of scientific gentlemen, and will be of about one hundred days' duration, leaving about the fifteenth day of May. The excursionists will visit the Great Falls of the Missouri, the great Judith basin, the Custer battle-field and the National Park, traveling a distance of about four thousand miles.

—San Francisco is happy. A tree has been discovered which finds nutriment in its thin and sterile soil, or in the sand where there is no soil of any kind. Flourishes through its parching droughts, springs back with a triumphant recovery after all its branches have been held streamer steadily eastward all day long and every day before the stiff zephyrs from the sea, and shakes from its sharp lanceolate leaves the gray alkaline dust which collects in an unsightly coating over all other vegetation. It is the gum-tree which is crowned with this cluster of rare virtues even when beset with the most trying occidental conditions. Not the particular gum-tree celebrated in song as the haunt of the disingenuous opium, but another eucalyptus recently domesticated. And now the young city proposes to plant and decorate herself with living green.

—The wild sage of the plains is a species of artemisia. It abounds in every part of Nevada, and is so intensely bitter during summer (the time when the young shoots are growing) that no animal will eat it, but directly the frost has touched it, this very bitterness gets changed to sweetness. It becomes most agreeable and fattening to animals that herd, has the peculiar property of rendering their meat tender, and of making their coat thick; it causes a sort of glossiness, which is used by the Indians to make their ponies, "defiant" the frost of winter. Such being the case, some of the California farmers have introduced pure Cashmere goats, and herd them on the mountains. One gentleman has a flock of three thousand goats, and they are in first rate condition, their fleeces being unusually silky and fine.

—A PRETTY story is told in the local columns of *The Springfield Republican* of two children who went to church together. They took a seat near the front, and, after the minister had got well into his sermon, the smaller child whispered to his sister that he would like to go home. Those who sat behind them heard the little girl tell him that he must not go without the minister's permission; so hand in hand they left their seats and standing before the clergyman the little child slipped out his petition. The minister was naturally surprised, but without interrupting his discourse nodded assent. That did not satisfy the child, and again the boy asked permission to go and was answered by another nod. Then the little girl, fearing the minister had not understood her brother, said, "Please, sir, may brother and I go home?" The minister stopped and verbally granted the request, and with a sweet "Thank you, sir," and a courtesy the children went down the aisle together.

—A writer in the *Troy Press* says: "To make a good silver miner a man needs a 'stroke' and an immense amount of hopefulness, and if he has an income of a thousand or two a year, he will find it very useful to lubricate the wheels of the enterprise until he can get down to where the 'ledge' comes in rich." It would be difficult to estimate how many fortunes have been spent and how much sweat and toil have been expended in the mountains of Nevada, whose only representative is an insignificant hole in the ground and a heap of debris on the mountain side. Near the towns the mountain sides are scored with such excavations. The seductive prospect of silver mining is that the deeper one goes the more likely he is to make a strike. Hence, though months of labor have been unrewarded, the incentive to labor on grows stronger each day, not only because of the reluctance to throw up the enterprise after so much work has been expended upon it, but also because of the belief that with each foot gained the prize is coming nearer."

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Home," "Unseated," "Invocation," "A Lone Sailor," "Willow on the Way," "If Hearts Were True," "A Late Subject," "Our Little Difference," "A Great Mistake," "Pretty Miss Morton."

Declined: "The Home Club Guest," "Make and Take," "Frisella's Mine," "Why She Didn't Go to the Party," "When Shall We Meet?" "Give an Inch and Take an Arm," "A Cupid's Cupid," "The Cheat," "Hares and Hounds," "A Brazen Tale," "Make Sure Doubly Sure," "Go Ahead!"

C. C. A very fair box of water colors can be had for one dollar.

O. P. K. New York harbor is one of the best in the world; no is that of San Francisco.

Jingo. Great Britain was not "fairly whipped" by us in the war of 1812-14. Both parties cried "Enough!"

J. H. M. It is unnatural to be at war with a near relative. Anything but peace, try honey and smiles instead of wormwood and rue. It will pay.

H. D. G. The story named was never published in this paper.—"Overland Kit," first published in the spring of 1878, was not a reprint. All the stories of the "Overland Kit" series were written expressly for this paper.

CARABLANCA. The Gulf Stream is an ocean current of warm water, that is all. It is not a Gulf Stream at all, in reality, but is composed of the warm water of the tropics at the equator making its way along the coast back to be equalized in temperature at the north.

C. M. J. Send no word of address, in all cases, to insure safe delivery. Great numbers of small packages are sent by mail. If the goods advertised are as represented, the price is moderate. The fact of a large sale and such extensive patronage is no assurance of the usefulness of the article. Alexander's gloves are now sold at \$1.80; Burt's kid boots, at \$6.50.

Om Jon. We do not think the Zulus are a northern or Arab race. Accents agree, we think, in pronouncing them to be pure Europeans. Their knowledge of the use of arms has been by contact with Europeans in South Africa. The English of course will converse with them, and annex their country to the Cape Colonies.

YOUNG MACHINIST (Paterson). American locomotives are the best in the world, both for speed and power. This is not confessed in Europe. An English or French engine, strong and unyielding, will be unfit for our sharp curves and pliable road-bed. Russia is now making locomotives and most other steam machinery she uses, but all the cars' best engines are American.

M. L. W. writes: "I see so many useful recipes given in the JOURNAL, I have ventured to trouble you on my own behalf. Can you tell me of something that will relieve asthma? I have a disordered stomach, a strong solution of saltpetre, and after entirely saturating it, dry it again, thoroughly; just previous to setting for the night, put a coffee tin, or a tin of square, lay it upon a plate, and burn it in your bedroom."

KATE AND IRIS. Not to keep an engagement is a discourtesy, unless an excuse is valid and an explanation is offered at once. It was a discourtesy, your brother to refuse, if, at his sister's suggestion, you solicited his attention. The sister, however, should resent it for you, who was kind enough to suggest it, neither should feel hurt if a gentleman selects one for special attention. Such jealousy would much offend the gentleman.

A. H. D., (Rensselaer Hall, Boston.) We cannot tell you where to find the poem, nor who wrote it. But we will give the lines you quote:

"And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand brilliant phases,
Is a handful of dust, and a coffin-lid,
And a coffin lid under the daisies—"

and if any of our readers can tell whose they are, and where they may be found, we hope they will do so.

F. R. B. In stock operations, the buyer is expected, in authorizing a purchase, to deposit with his broker 5 per cent. on the par value of the order given. This stock is then held as its own collateral. If stock recedes from purchased cost, the buyer is called upon to furnish more collateral. He is charged by the broker on par value of the stock so long as he holds it; and, as broker charges a commission, both for buying and selling, and interest on stock carried, but no commission on the sale of every customer, who, in the end, is quite sure to be the loser.

JESSIE ST. CLAM. You are learning the lesson that flirtation and coquetry does not pay. You may be sure that you will lose your lover if you continue to be so capricious, and to torment him with your attentions to other gentlemen. Your conduct has been imprudent, and you should be more prudent in the future. You are your own unhappiness, since it is your own fault that you are alienating your lover's affections. Be true to him, and he will be true to you. Be generous, and you will be happy again. The favorite pillow-shams are of linen, hemstitched with broad hem, and a monogram or single initial surrounded by a half-width embroidery in the center.

ALICE A. F., (Nantucket.) The style of arranging the hair to which you refer is done entirely with bandoline. In fact, all of the waves, scrolls, curls, etc., with which ladies adorn their hair, are made with bandoline. The cost of bandoline is as low as the brand. American makes are sold as low as twelve cents a bottle; imported bandoline costs from twenty-five to fifty cents a bottle. See over Jennie Johnson.—It is perfectly proper for ladies and gentlemen to shake hands at meeting and parting.—English is not a French word, but a French language. It is now spoken in nearly every country. French is not so greatly used outside of France, even in European countries, as you suppose.

SEAROCK. Missouri was once "under the flag of the French." Until 1803, when the territory of the "Louisiana country," the title of the territory from the Missouri river on the north and Mississippi river on the south, was ceded to the United States by the French, indeed, claimed and exercised jurisdiction in all the region traversed by the French Canadian explorers, Marquette and La Salle, until they were driven out of what was known as the "Louisiana Territory," but the Louisiana Territory, as indicated, they held under sovereignty until 1804. St. Louis, down to a comparatively recent period, was like New Orleans, a French city. So you have lost sight of the fact. Before you again bet on a matter of history, read up!

TOM M. D. You have no right to ask a lady to accept you as her exclusive company, when you have not decided upon what you will ever do. If you should do so, you would marry her. It would be a contemptible mean act. The fact that you think she cares so much for you is no argument in its favor. Rather, since you do not know her, engage yourself to her, you should seek to discourage her liking for you, giving her distinctly to infer that your feelings are merely those of ordinary friendship, and leaving her free to accept the attentions of other gentlemen. For a gentleman to pay such constant attentions to a young lady whom he does not intend to marry that casual acquaintances would be likely to draw the inference that his intentions were serious and matrimonial, is a scandalous behavior.

H. S. W. says: "Will you please tell me how to make linen glossy? I try to get nice polish upon cuffs and collars. Make very thick starch, and while it is boiling add one to two table-spoonsful of gum-arabic water, and stir well with a spoon or wax candle. Dip the linen into the starch, after they have been through the wringer, seeing to it that the right sides are folded together and only the wrong comes in contact with the starch. Squeeze the starch well in and hang out to dry. A half-hour before ironing, fold the right sides together and dip in this, cold, unboiled starch. Spread separately upon towels and hang out to dry. Use a thin, clean piece of cloth over each article during the few times you pass the hot iron over it; then remove and iron until perfectly dry, smooth, and polished. Bladders should be wiped with a clean muslin and ironed over again. Your irons must be perfectly polished upon table-salt, or with beeswax. Keep a bottle of gum-arabic water always strained and corked for use."

JENNIE L. ROBINSON asks: "Is it true that a string of amber beads worn around the throat will prevent hay-fever and cure throat troubles? Is amber ever used in jewelry? What are the warmest gloves for winter wear? Do you think that a gentleman should always wait for a lady to recognize him first, especially when they know each other very well? We do not have much faith in the idea now so popular that amber beads are a sort of 'cure-all' for every kind of lung and bronchial trouble. It is something like the 'blue pills' made by a certain kind of some medicinal quality in amber, as it is peculiarly electrical. When handling it, the workmen are obliged to frequently change the pieces, while the electricity passes off. The Arabs call it 'catch-chaff' on account of these qualities; and the ancients invested it with a soul and regarded it with great superstition. It is a fossilized vegetable gum, which is of a high polish and delicate workmanship, that it is largely used for articles of jewelry.—Castor beaver and dog-skin, or deerskin and kids, Mittens are now very fashionable. They are knitted in all colors and in beautiful patterns, and are worn over the hands and wrists. Except in the case of extremely intimate friends a gentleman should always wait a lady's recognition before bowing to her, unless the meeting takes place at a social gathering, where any gentleman is privileged to seek his friends and converse with them."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

PENDELICE.

A LOVE IDYL.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but, when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life."—Solomon.

PROLOGUE.

PENA.

Oh, love unrequited! It biteth like an adder;
All hopes lie buried in their graves;
The music of the pulses of a true heart is sadder
Than the music of the sad sea waves.
When love once won seems slowly to languish,
Every sweetness of life is gone;
And the pain attending death is less than the
anguish
From the love that is lost when won.

THEME.

PENA-DELICIE.

He thought that he had lost his love,
And, losing her, that he had lost
The daily glory spread above
The beauty of the mighty host,
The music of the winds and birds,
The bloom and fragrance of the flowers;
Oh! he never can be expressed in words
His misery all the weary hours.

At length a tiny letter came,
Love-filled, as a goblet to the brim;
And, as he read his darling's name
The world again was bright to him;
Outshone upon his heart the sun,
The clouds that gave him gloom pink furled;
For thus she said: "My dearest one,
I love you best in all the world."

She called him—other names above—
Such names as love alone bestows:
"My darling," and "my only love,"
And sweetest names beneath the rose,
And—Heaven blessings on her send!
How tenderly her pure heart shone—
She signed her letters, at the end,
"Your faithful, true and loving one."

In dainty beauty shines the spring,
His heart his gladness feels again;
The birds a joyous carol sing,
With winds and waters in refrain.
The flowers have rarer, richer bloom,
And all is fair below, above;
And light and beauty and perfume
Blend with his happy dreams of love.

EPILOGUE.

DELICIE.

Glowing cheeks and dainty lips,
How his heart grows stronger,
As her rosy finger-tips
Rest upon his shoulder!
While, through golden hair that is
Of the sun's splendor,
Sweet blue eyes send into his
Glances soft and tender.
Flushing cheeks and loving eyes
Give a cordial greeting,
While their hearts, in glad surprise,
On their lips are meeting.
Tell me not of glory bright,
Or of golden treasure;
Love alone has full delight,
Rapture beyond measure.

Little Queen Bess.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It wasn't much wonder that Bessie Kennedy felt her heart thumping away like an animated trip-hammer, as she stood in Judge Thurston's office, shyly and timidly bearing the burden of the keen, piercing glances that gentleman bestowed upon her.

Nor was it any wonder at all that Judge Thurston bestowed such keen, piercing glances upon her, for a prettier, more winning piece of girlish womanliness had not come under the Judge's supervision for many a long day, and he was a connoisseur in feminine beauty and an ardently devoted admirer of women—especially when they came up to his standard.

And this timid, graceful little lady came exactly up to his standard, with her brown eyes the color of polished gold bronze, and the shiny hair satiny and tinted to the hue of a ripe chestnut, with the varying, sensitive color coming and going in her cheeks like pink shadows on delicate snow-drifts, with her sweet, womanly mouth and chin, the color of rose-blossoms, and proud-cut and firm; the other dimpled and round.

She had been sitting in the outer reception-room nearly an hour, awaiting her turn for an interview with the august gentleman of the Bar, and had at last been ushered into the holy of holies, to find it a large, elegantly-furnished room, with velvet carpeting and flaming damask curtains, amber-velvet upholstery, pictures and statuettes, books and flowers in profusion. And to find Judge Thurston a tall, commanding, handsome elderly gentleman, with heavy gray beard and hair, and stern, piercing, yet kindly eyes that looked intently at her, and then softened, as he addressed her:

"I think you are the young lady I was expecting. Glad to see you. What is it I can do for you? Tell a chair, please."

Bessie took the chair, and wheeled toward her, her poor little heart thumping fiercely, and she hated herself so, because she was so silly, and making desperate efforts to recover her usual ease and independence.

"I was to call, sir, this morning to learn what my prospects were."

Judge Thurston settled comfortably back in his revolving arm-chair, balanced a pen between his fingers, and proceeded to the business on hand.

"Exactly. First, if you please, your name."

"I am Bessie Kennedy, sir, and you seem so young to undertake the responsibilities of the position I have to offer you."

She looked earnestly at him, her lovely dark eyes so wistful and imploring.

"I am nearly eighteen—very nearly eighteen, and I am not at all delicate or weak—if you mean you think I could not undertake the position on that account."

A little amused smile crept under the gentleman's mustache.

"I must confess I fear you are ignorant of the duties of the position, Miss Kennedy. In the first place, the children, although there are not very many of them, are quite unruly, and require a strong, discreet hand to manage them."

Bessie brightened, and almost interrupted him, eagerly.

"I do so love children, sir! And—children nearly always mind me."

"And love you—naturally," he continued, with a gallantry that brought the sensitive rosey tide to her face.

"We will consider that difficulty overcome, then, Miss Kennedy. Next, you are competent to take entire charge of every thing? Of course, with assistants under your exclusive direction?"

Bessie felt just a little bewildered, for she had no idea the much-coveted school in Briarwood, for which she was applying, was of such high grade as to require more than one teacher.

But she knew of no reason why she was not competent to fill the place of head teacher, and so there was a sparkle of resolve and consciousness in her eyes when she answered.

"I think I can suit, sir. At any rate, I will do my very best."

"None of us can ask more or do more, than one's best, Miss Kennedy. Now about the—the salary. It is a fairly—fifty dollars a month, and of course, board included, and—"

"Oh, then I am not to live at home?"

In turn, Judge Thurston looked inquiringly.

"At home? Pardon me, but I cannot understand how that would be possible, Miss Kennedy. Your duties as my housekeeper, would certainly not permit."

Bessie jumped to her feet, her face paling and flushing vividly.

"Your housekeeper?"

And Judge Thurston thought he never had

seen such a sweet, startled face before, as he answered, smilingly, but rather astonishedly because of Bessie's astonishment:

"My housekeeper, Miss Kennedy, certainly, and although I will admit I had expected a much older—different lady to overlook my house and children, I must say I have changed my mind since I have seen the candidate my friend Mrs. Maryl selected and sent me."

Bessie's face flushed still more rosily, and there were quite decided suspicions of angry mortified tears gathering in the bonny brown eyes.

"But there is a stupid mistake somewhere. Judge Thurston! Mrs. Maryl did not send me here—I never heard of such a person. I came to apply for the vacancy in the Hill Dell school!"

An expression, which for utter blankness, had never before in his judicial career been seen on Judge Thurston's face, took sudden possession of it, while Bessie stood irresolutely by the chair she had vacated, uncertain whether her best course were to run, or laugh, or cry, or rave.

Until the gentleman came to the rescue, his blue eyes overflowing with amusement.

"As you say, there has been a blunder, for which please pardon me. Now, Miss Kennedy, suppose we begin over again?"

So they began over again, and in less than fifteen minutes Judge Thurston had written with his own august hand a letter of such commendatory character, concerning Bessie, to the Board of Examining Trustees, that the matter was virtually settled in Bessie's favor, and she was taking her leave, her sweet face all afire with the delight and excitement of the whole affair, and her eyes shining like brown diamonds.

When the next aspirant for the honor of a private interview with the Judge was announced—a tall, stout, sensible, plain-looking woman, as much like dainty Bess as a lily of the valley is like a flaming hollyhock—who stated her business very promptly and plainly.

"I'm from Mrs. Maryl, your honor, and would like the place in your family she mentioned you want filled."

The Judge waved her to a seat, and as he bowed his adieu to Bessie, their eyes met in a swift, amused glance, and Bessie went away with a flush on her cheeks, and her heart thrilling with the delight of course, that she had secured her situation.

"Diphtheria, without a doubt, and the Judge is terribly distressed for the child's safety—and no wonder, for not a soul in that big house will go near the sick-room—great, hulking fellows, and a motherless child suffering perhaps unto death."

Old Dr. Dayton picked up the reins angrily from off his steady old mare's back, where he had laid them when Bessie Kennedy stopped him, on her way from school, to make her lovely inquiry after her pet pupil—bright, busy, loving little Maude Thurston.

"Diphtheria! Oh, Dr. Dayton! And those three helpless little children to catch it in turn—and did you say no one of the servants—or anybody would go near poor little Maude?"

The rich color of the doctor's cheeks, and her brown eyes, like glittering stars, were glowing with mingled pity and indignation.

"People are in an imbecile state of panic about diphtheria. Of course it's bad, bad enough, God knows; but what if it is, when a little motherless child lies tossing and raving fever, all by herself, except when the Judge can get away from his office, to her? He nurses her through the night, and what's a man in a sick-room?"

Bessie probably did not hear the question, for she stood prodding among the dead leaves with her umbrella. Then, she looked up suddenly and resolutely.

"Dr. Dayton, please tell Judge Thurston I'll come and nurse Maude. I'm not in the least afraid of diphtheria. I'll get my sister to take the school for awhile. Poor little Maude!"

Dr. Dayton drove away, his little shrewd gray eyes twinkling, to tell Judge Thurston what Bessie had said.

"I tell you, there's the right sort of stuff in little Miss Kennedy, judge! What a wife, what a mother she'll be to somebody, one of these days!"

And in those terrible days that followed, when it seemed as if Bessie fought for his darling's life, inch by inch, when her patience knew no faltering, her devotion no wearying, Judge Thurston shared Dr. Dayton's enthusiasm with all his heart.

But, the dread disease at last took its leave; Dr. Dayton paid his last visit to the little convalescent, and Bessie and Maude were sitting together for the last evening, for Bessie was to return to her duties on the following Monday, and she had laughingly declared she must devote the intervening days to a thorough disinfesting process, for the benefit of her scholars.

"But, I don't ever know what I shall do without you, Miss Kennedy," Maude wailed, piteously. "Nobody ever was so kind to me since mamma died—only papa—but he's only a man."

Bessie smoothed the long, bright curls she saved from the cruel scissors when the child's fever raged so hotly.

"Oh, I'll see you at school every day, dear, when you get just a little stronger. And shall I ask your papa to let you come see me on Saturdays—you and Allen and Rose? And we'll have—let's see—we'll have fairy pulls, and doll's parties, and, perhaps, a cooking club. All together, we'll get along quite comfortably."

The child's blue eyes brightened a moment, then the old misery came back.

"It wasn't for that cross old Miss Green—oh, Miss Kennedy, I never knew how of us children hated the housekeeper! I'm sure he'd send her away. Oh, Miss Kennedy! Oh dear Miss Bessie, wouldn't it be splendid, splendid if you could be our housekeeper, and always, always stay!"

And Judge Thurston, in his office adjoining, sitting smoking in the early winter dusk, saw the warm color flame all over Bessie's cheek at the child's artless question.

An hour later, Bessie went into the conservatory to gather her farewell bouquet, and found Judge Thurston deliberately waiting for her.

"So you have decided this to be your last night, Bessie?"

He had fallen into addressing her by her initial name of late.

"My last night—only think of my poor neglected school!"

He was walking beside her now, between the fragrant orange trees.

"And also only think how forlorn we will be without you! How can I thank you for your sweet charity, your noble devotion to our time of need?"

Bessie picked a faded leaf off a spray of roses she had gathered, her face looking very sweet and serious, and pure as a child's.

"I don't want any pay, Judge Thurston. I came because it was my duty to come—and before I go away, I would just like to speak to you on one subject, if you will let me."

He smiled beneath his thick gray mustache, and such an amused, tender light came into his eyes as he listened.

"It is about Miss Green—she hardly treats the children as they deserve, and as you may think she does. And I can endure that they should be unhappy through her."

She looked wistfully up in his face. He was watching her eagerly.

"It is somewhat strange that you should have mentioned this, because it was on the same subject that I wanted to speak to you. I have discharged Miss Green—because I have made up my mind that I shall marry again, and I wish my wife to be at the head of the house."

Well, and what if he did propose marrying again? Was that anything, pro or con, to her? Only, what a foolish pang of sick pain she somehow felt.

"That is," the Judge went on, "if the lady I love will take me and my children. Once she refused to be my housekeeper; and once she saved my darling's life; and now, I want her so much for my wife—my precious, darling little

wife! Bessie, sweet eyes, look up! Look at me, dear—do you love me enough to take me?"

And the village school lost its teacher; and the village people gossiped, as a natural thing; and Judge Thurston installed little brown-eyed Bessie in his magnificent home, and between managing it in all its luxurious details, and loving Maude and Allen and little Rose, and worshipping her handsome, dignified husband, happy Bessie finds her life very busy and very blessed.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY WM. W. LONG.

It may be in the freilicht by the ingleside,
Where friends with happy faces sit;
It may be 'neath the luster of the stars
That you will me forget.

It may be in the home beside the river,
Where life is love and love is true,
That I will fade from out thy memory,
A face that once you knew.

Bright hope doth fade—so far is heaven,
The dead on earth so dear above;
What am I but a wreck, a ruin,
That I should hold thy love?

Still by the sweet past—dead, but holy,
When I am in thy memory but a blot,
Fair woman, seraph formed and molded,
Oh! by the past, forget me not!

El Capitan:

OR,

The Queen of the Lakes.

A Romance of the Mexican Valley.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SWEET RESPONSE.

In all the record of a somewhat eventful life, I cannot remember having passed a more miserable night than this in the Laguna de Chalco. I had been long upon the prairies of the North, half famished with hunger and almost dying of thirst; in imminent danger of having my scalp "raised" by red-skins; had lain all night upon the battle-field, with scarce a drop of blood in my body, but a wound which had deepened me, I believed, to be mortal; had twice suffered shipwreck, to escape upon a raft. But to all these incidents I can look back lightly, cheerfully, compared with my remembrance of that night of misery spent in the middle of a swamp; for a most wretched one it was. To make him acquainted with the nature of the quagmire around us—what I had read and been told about it—would have been a difficult task, if not impossible. He had laughed at the canoe-man's account of it, treating the whole thing as a joke; for at all events, an exaggeration, due to the young fellow's fears. I knew it was not, though it was too well; and, so enlightened, felt correspondingly sad. Not strange, with such a prospect before us—a fate possibly the same as befell the fisherman. In the midst of a dismal marsh, imprisoned as securely as within the walls of a dungeon, to pass days and nights in wearisome existence; tortured by hunger—thirst we need not fear—and then, last and worst horror of all, the zopilotes (black vultures), seen soaring above, on shadowy wings, with their talons extended, and blood-stained beaks, threatening to swoop down upon us—we too weak to fight them off!

Such was the picture all that night passing before my mental vision—not in dreams, for I slept not, but in fancy, too likely to become real.

There was something besides; another baneful thought to harass, making my cup of misery bitter. For, despite my own immediate danger, I could not help dwelling on that which might at the same moment be besetting the Indian girl; regretting that I had parted from her at all—that I had not stayed and taken our chances with the men in the boats, whoever they might be.

"Would that we were back there now!" was a wish that more than once I gave expression to, my comrades as oft responding to it. What pity we did not wait their coming up, and the effect of our consoling them—what the sequence could not have been more serious.

As the shipwrecked sailor, who, all night clinging to spar or royal mast still above the waves, watches for the morning's light, so I looked on, and I had no light, no sign, no hope of deliverance. Instead, something to make us more despairing. All night we had heard the cry of the quail—bittern of the western world—whose shrill, lugubrious note seemed the harbinger of death. Now, in the morning, with the sunrise that should have been cheerless, our ears were saluted by sounds proclaiming death near at hand—the hoarse croak of the turkey vulture, and the shriller squeal of the harpy eagle. Birds of both these species had sighted us, with a seeming knowledge we must soon become their prey.

Again we stood upright, and gazed over the cinto, on all sides, round and round. If weird and woe-inspiring under the moon's light, it seemed not a whit more cheerful with the sun shining upon it. Indeed, less for now saw some distant, low hills, the wilderness of green stretching afar, till it met the base of the brown rugged mountains, and could better comprehend the hopelessness of our situation. The nearest dry land was miles distant, though had it been but a furlong, the impossibility of reaching it would have been the same.

We had never been a return of hope, which came with the daylight, as such ever does, even to those lying on a death-bed. And while it continued we were neither silent nor inactive; instead, shouting loudly, and at intervals firing shots from our pistols—signals of distress.

There was some hope, however, that the brown birds, but not much of their being understood. More likely would they be mistaken for a fusillade of fowling guns, making havoc among the *anadidas* of the lake. However, we kept up the shooting until our last cartridge was spent, and the shooting till we were hoarse. Neither brought response.

As a *derrière resort* we rigged up a pole, which chanced to be in the canoe, with our handkerchiefs on its top, extended upon a cross-pole we had attached to it. This done, we desisted from all further action—less to await the result, for we scarce looked for any, than because we could do no more.

In all this the Indian gave us not the slightest assistance, nor seemed to take any interest in our efforts. Possibly he supposed them to be idle, and with the characteristic apathy of his race, and its faith in fatalism, believed his time was being wasted.

Whatever the reason, there at he in sullen resignation, a very picture of despair, aught but a cheerful fellow-traveler on the journey of death!

And on such both my comrade and I now believed ourselves launched, irrevocably and without return. For Crittenden had at length, and long ere this, become convinced of the danger. He could not avoid it. Doomed to a certainty, if no help came from without, and we had as good as given up all hope of that.

So we sat, by the side of death, as it were—a death pail as sure, with life-long lingering, and end horrible to think of. We did think of it, nevertheless. How could we help, since it was staring us in the face—waiting for us!

Little conversation was carried on now. All had been said that needed saying, and our

thoughts were mutually understood without the necessity of exchanging speech. They were very similar, their subject being the same—the gloomy fate before us. Dejected and sick at heart, we passed the long hours of that day; no living thing save the birds of ill-omen above, and nothing heard but their cries, alike foreboding evil. And on through the yet more irksome hours of another night; listening to the dismal cry of the great swamp owl, the vengeful-like screech of the *gruya* crane, and the wailing notes of the whippoorwill. It needed no such concert to make us melancholy; we had cause enough without it.

And yet when morning again broke over us, and we once more looked upon the snowy summits of the two great mountains, rose-tinted by the rays of the ascending sun, the sight so beautiful inspired us with fresh hopes; or, at least, a desire to live.

Stimulated by this, we again raised our voices, exerting them to the utmost. We shouted in turns, loudly calling, and in tones of appeal not to be mistaken; in the intervals listening intently.

A human voice at last—a shout—a responsive hail! Thank the Heavenly and merciful Father! No men could faint, or tongue tell, the thrill of joy that ran through us on hearing that hail. It might be likened to the cry "Rejoice!" sent over the heads of spectators, to the ears of a condemned man standing on the scaffold.

The shout so sweet to our ears was repeated; for we had hailed in response. And then we heard several voices calling in chorus: one of which our canoe-man recognized. For he also was now roused from his apathy, and was himself again.

"Traise to the Virgin! Glory to the good Santa Mercedes!" he claimed, starting up and flinging his arms excitedly around. "You hear, caballeros? It's the Señor Don Tito who calls!"

Don Tito it surely was—his presence there soon after explained by himself. He had not come by chance or accident, but, carrying out a purpose, in which he had now succeeded, since it was neither more nor less than to search for our selves. How he should know we were lost, scarce needs to be told. Simply, by the canoe-man not returning to the chinampas in due time. The good alcalde suspecting something amiss, had sent his own son, a young man, returned home to see whether we had reached that place in safety. Taking the more direct route—the alcálate leading to the left—the youth arrived at San Isidro, to find from his father's friend, that we had not been for the horses which were to have been furnished us. Speeding back to the chinampas with this intelligence, it was there surmised that we had met with the mischance, which had actually befallen us. The violent storm coming suddenly on just after we had started, led Don Tito to believe that we were beset by bandoleros of a different sort to those whom we had feared, but that, being together a score of his people, with their boats, and placing himself at their head, the worthy alcalde had set out to look for us. He knew the route we were to have taken, and found the alcálate closed up. But, by good fortune, only for a brief time, as he had not been long with their broad blades, like bay-knives—used for cutting the cinto—the chinampas soon hewed out a track for the canoe, so freeing us from our "fix."

The storm had done damage to the floating gardens; some of them having broken loose from their moorings, and drifted out into the open water. They too had been visited by *bandoleros*, real robbers of the road, as Don Tito had now no doubt they were. They had, as I supposed, made direct for the chinampa of the alcalde; but to find it deserted and the choza empty. Approaching their character, before they could make landing, he had availed himself of the means of safety hinted at, and taken to the cinto, to return home after the intruders had gone off again. This they had done, soon as the storm permitted, its violence having lessened somewhat. Disappointed that we were their intended victims—my comrade and myself, as we supposed—they had rowed away without committing any outrage on the water-dwellers.

All this we learnt from Don Tito while being released from our prison on the sedge. For we did not return with him to the chinampas. He proposed our doing so, offering to send us back to the city in one of his boats, by the main canal—a proposal we declined for good reasons. The bandits might still be at Tlalhuac, and our revolvers were empty, with nothing to reload them. It was a bit of good luck, however, that brought these weapons with us. The sham fisherman had seen them upon our persons; and to that we were no doubt indebted for our lives—the dread which the repeating pistol inspires among all Mexicans, robbers not excepted, having saved us from being attacked as we passed Tlalhuac. The bandits had thought better of it, and changing their plan, designed assailing us by surprise and under the shadows of night.

Don Tito, yielding to our wishes, permitted us to choose the San Isidro route, and sending us on along, we had the horses as originally intended.

In fine, we arrived safe at our respective quarters—I for one determined never again to trust myself so far afield, without being accompanied by a few files of escort.

CHAPTER XV.

AN INVITATION FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

There were now three men in or about the Mexican capital, any one of whom I would have given something to set eyes on, and a good deal to get them all under my glance.

And, as already said, seeing the first would have been little service to me, unless some lucky chance enabled me to identify him. Besides, my affair with him was only a matter of lost money, for which I had got in exchange the warm friendship of a worthy man; some compensation certainly. As for the second, I had no interest in him at all; and as for the third, if I ever had this advantage, to make him suffer for the series of tricks he had played me, I had no doubt of what his intention had been: to have me waylaid at Tlalhuac, or somewhere else upon the canal. But his motive was not so clear. Could it be that my behavior to him at the close of our first interview—that rebuke, with the opprobrious epithet bestowed—had gained me his deadly hostility, and for that he harbored revenge? I have known cases of the kind among Mexicans of his class, who are very Corsicans in their ideas of the vendetta. Still, such a motive was hardly sufficient to account for so much maneuvering, with the pains it must have cost him to get me into his power. More like, the men he was acting with were robbers, himself one, who designed getting hold of my person in order to demand ransom. If so, a motive was hardly sufficient to account for so much maneuvering, with the pains it must have cost him to get me into his power. More like, the men he was acting with were robbers, himself one, who designed getting hold of my person in order to demand ransom. If so, a motive was hardly sufficient to account for so much maneuvering, with the pains it must have cost him to get me into his power. More like, the men he was acting with were robbers, himself one, who designed getting hold of my person in order to demand ransom. If so, a motive was hardly sufficient to account for so much maneuvering, with the pains it must have cost him to get me into his power. 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"As you know, Captain Moreno, I shall be only too pleased to make the acquaintance of any of your friends, whoever they may be."

"That's settled, then; and I shall call for you on Thursday morning. At what hour?"

"Choose your own time; any hour after morning parade. I shall stay in quarters till you come."

"Buena! I'll be with you by eleven. We'll soon gallop down to La Soledad, in good time for the sports, which begin early in the afternoon. My uncle intends to have a grand gathering, all the country people within miles; so you'll have an opportunity to study the *costumbres de Mexico*. And," he added, with a smile of peculiar significance, "possibly you may there see something that will please you better than all—meet somebody you'll think even prouder than my pretty cousins."

"Who?" he mechanically asked, with an eagerness he could not fail to observe. He had mentioned San Isidro. Besides, I well remembered what he had said about an uncle who lived by the lake, and with heart wildly heaving I awaited his answer, more than half aware that it would be. It was as I anticipated:

"La Reina de los Lagos."

At which he again favored me with his peculiar smile.

"Oh!" I said, making an effort to conceal my emotion, unsuccessful though. "You mean the Indian girl who sells flowers in the San Domingo market?"

"I mean the Indian girl who sells flowers in the San Domingo market," was the response, in provoking imitation of my pseudo-innocent tone; "the same from whom a certain officer of Mounted Rifles has often purchased the choicest and costliest nosegays, and—"

"Nonsense!" I burst out, interrupting him, as I felt the red rising to my cheeks.

"The same," he went on, without heeding me, "whose pretty floating flower-garden the said rifleman was so curious to inspect; and did inspect, though it came near costing him his life. Now, *amigo mio*, do you identify the individual?"

I stammered out some reply, I scarce remember what, only that it ended in a burst of laughter, in which we both took part.

"Now, Señor Capitán," he said, drawing our dialogue to a close, "I think I've secured you for the Noche Buena; doubly secured you, have I not?"

He had; and knew it, without my making answer.

CHAPTER XVI. EN ROUTE FOR THE FIESTA.

On the Thursday morning, as appointed, Captain Moreno came to my quarters, mounted and ready for the road. He found me awaiting him, with Crittenden, who was to be his escort, and the young Mexican having made my friend's acquaintance some time before, and invited him on his own account.

We were both in full uniform, booted and spurred. Our late experience in ranchero dress had given us a distaste for that sort of thing; so we determined to present ourselves at La Soledad in a costume we were more accustomed to, if it did not better become us. Moreover, to make sure against another scare from either robbers or guerrillas, I had detached a half-dozen files of men, to accompany us as escort.

This I could do at discretion, without need to trouble headquarters about such a trifle; and it had all been already arranged with him who was our host by proxy.

"The more the merrier," he said, glancing at the escort, mounted, and paraded before us. "Your soldiers—what fine-looking fellows they are!—will greatly add to the interest of the gathering. I'm sure my uncle will be only too glad to give them entertainment, while the country folks will be crazy with delight, at this new element introduced into the arena of their sports. For I'm happy to tell you, caballero, there's no hostility now, as there was when you first made your appearance among us. You came as invaders and conquerors, which, as a matter of course, our people didn't much like. Now, they rather look upon you as protectors. And with reason, considering the way you've behaved, especially in ridding us of road gentlemen. Before your advent they made journeying around here rather a risky thing."

This was true enough, for we had been zealous in the pursuit of these Mexican brigands, and had succeeded in breaking up some of the bands, by the capture and execution of several of their noted leaders. Still there were others at large, and one whom I suspected of occasionally making his appearance in that part of the valley we were about to visit; so that taking an escort along with us was a precaution by no means unnecessary. Simple prudence called for it.

My brother officer and I expressed our gratification at hearing the Mexican so deliver himself, and everything settled, we sprang into our saddles, gave the word "March!" and were off.

Passing out through the "garita" of San Lazaro, we turned our faces eastward, along the great National Road which leads from the capital to the coast at Vera Cruz.

It was a lovely morning, the rule rather than the exception in this charming valley, where the spring equinox falls just at the interregnum 'tis when summer assumes the scepter. Around us stretched the smiling plain, most of it in meadow, with here and there a maize field, bordered by rows of *magueys* set in quincunxes, these gigantic aloes forming the characteristic vegetation of the valley. In front was the great salt Lake Texcoco, of itself a little sea, reflecting, as from a vast mirror laid upon its back, the mountain ranges which rose beyond, these appearing part of its frame. Southward on this same cordillera, the Mexican Andes, known as the Sierra Madre Occidental, was conspicuous; *La mujer blanca* of the Spanish-speaking inhabitants—the "white woman" herself seen reclining upon her back, with knees slightly elevated, breasts protuberant, and head resting upon a pillow of snow. Still farther south, and on the same ridge—separated from Ixtichih, the mountain that smokes,—its Aztec appellation telling it to have been an active volcano; which it still is, intermittently. Around the valley our eyes were carried from their bases to summits, those behind our backs being in the western cordillera, which displays the solitary snow cone of Toluca; while on our right and left trended transverse sierras of lower elevation, though many of them high as Mont Blanc, uniting the two cordilleras, and so completing the periphery of this remarkable table-land.

It would be difficult to imagine, much more look upon lovelier landscape than that we had before and around us; possessing every element of the beautiful and sublime, like some vast scenic picture, framed in rugged rock-work. A scene too, teeming with interest to the historian; still more to the geologist, who at every step may discover traces of earthquake and volcanic action, all the forces of upheaval with the opposite and less violent forces of erosion at work.

As he rides across it, from east to west, or makes the traverse from north to south, he will not fail to note certain isolated eminences, less like hills than miniature mountains, rising directly up from the plain without any unevenness of ground around their bases. Some of these "cerros" are flat-topped, others conical, with a quaint resemblance to tea-cups turned bottom upward, many having an extinct crater either in their side or summit. Even in Lake Chalco, as already stated, two or three of these little volcanoes shoot up out of the swamp, their facades of dark lava and basalt in striking contrast with the rich verdure of the surrounding sedge.

In several scouting expeditions made through the Mexican Valley, while in the performance of my duty, I had ridden among and around these odd elevations, observing them with interested eyes. But on this particular morning, I neither looked at, nor thought of them. All my thoughts were given to the sort of people I should meet at La Soledad; but more than half I may as well confess it—to one I had met before.

Would she be there? And would she be glad to see me? The former question included the latter, and I could not answer it. Moreno had said, possibly, without giving any reasons for his thinking it an uncertainty, and not on any account would I have asked him for them now. He seemed already to know enough, or too much, of my love affair; though how he had come by his knowledge I could not even guess. I had held no one of my inclinations in that quarter—not even Crittenden—and was rather congratulating myself on having kept them secret. As it appeared, I was mistaken, and so far as the satisfaction of secrecy went, had been but living in a fool's paradise.

At the *fiesta*, how would the Queen of the Lakes comport herself? With dignity, I could tell; and of her grace there needed no guessing. I could fancy her there, queen of the land as the lakes. It was not of this however I was thinking, but her behavior in other respects. Was she likely to enact the rôle of coquette, and so justify Espinosa's insinuations? or would she be, as I had hitherto seen her, the personification of ingenuousness—of innocence—to all appearance good as she was beautiful?

As yet I had no jealousy. The pang I had experienced, listening to the innuendoes of the would-be go-between, and the talk of the lancer colonel—borne out by appearances, was not exactly of that kind. Besides, it had long since passed away, and I no longer dreamt of avenging a quarrel for my rival. But there might be a rival for all that—some youth I had not yet seen, neither heard of. If so, I would surely see him at La Soledad—supposing he be there. Who, and what like would he be? One of her own race? Around the question, as the thought! However pure the strain of blood from Aztec kings, and unchallenged the line of descent, there was none in the valley of Mexico—none living—fit mate for my queen. Sure was I of that.

Who, then, might be the besieger of her heart—if such there was? If such there was! What a ridiculous condition! There could be no doubt in this regard; for such there must be—not one, but many. A more rational question was, had any of them won it? And if so, who? I could fancy it at least, best, surrounded by flatterers, admirers. Such a spectacle I should be sure to see, still supposing her there. But, how could I believe that up to that hour—she was woman grown, if not of woman's age—she had resisted such a battery of assaults?

A miracle if she had, and the greater the triumph to win, the sweeter to possess her! (To be continued—commenced in No. 466.)

Dora's Mother-in-law.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

OLD Mrs. Morris did not fancy "city girls." She was disposed to class them all together as boudoirs of flounces and frivolity, and "store-girls" as the worst of the bunch.

"Oh, I know 'em!" says mother Morris. "I've seen jest lots of 'em, switchin' their long trains and ruffles up and down the store floors, and puttin' on airs when plain sensible folks come in to buy! Lordy! one would think they owned a brick block and a million of money, anyhow, and they do say most of 'em board in the awful holes, and spend every cent for fine duds to cover their backs with. Nice housekeepers they'd make! Store-girls! Don't tell me!"

Now it chanced that mother had one "own and only" son and heir, who was in business over at Woodstown. And Woodstown was quite an aristocratic place, and boasted much of what is called "good society."

Mother Morris was very proud of her boy, and delighted that he was where he had so good a chance to select what she longed for, and had never possessed—a daughter.

Judge then, what she felt when Tom came over one day to bring her news of his marriage with a young lady with whom he had become acquainted in one of the great wholesale houses where he went to buy goods.

"A store girl!" gasped mother Morris, dropping her chin-drapery and making a dash for the door. "Yes, mother. But a dear, tidy, industrious little body who longs for a home of her own."

"What sort of a place will she keep?" sighed the bewildered mother.

"A neat one, I'm sure, mother, for she is always very tidy. She has brought up in a good home—her father was quite wealthy at one time. When he died, a rich uncle would have taken her, but she preferred to support herself and be independent. That speaks well for her, mother."

"Well enough!" growled Mother Morris. "I'm sure you'll love her when you know her." persisted Tom. "You'll come over to the wedding, and let me bring her here for a visit, won't you?"

"Oh, yes! I s'pose I'll have to!" groaned mother Morris, covering her face with her apron. "Tain't natur' to turn against my own boy, even if he does disappoint me. It'll be bad enough on you to have a shiftless wife to take care of, and losing another too! Bring her here; I'll do my best for ye, Tom. But I don't see why you couldn't choose a wife from the plain country girls around home; I'm sure I don't!"

Tom only laughed as he kissed his mother good-by, thinking to himself that the reason was because he never found any of them worth loving.

Well, man proposes, you know—but he doesn't always dispose.

Mother Morris proposed to go to Tom's wedding, and she herself as planned to go, notwithstanding her disappointment. But when the time came, she was laid up with her spiteful old enemy, rheumatism, and could barely hobble around her own room.

She wrote to Tom, sending a set of solid silver spoons as a wedding gift, and inviting him to finish their wedding trip with a visit to her.

She dreaded the meeting with her daughter-in-law greatly, but she made preparations to receive them in her best style. And when they came, and Tom introduced a trim little body, with a sweet, sensible face, as his wife, she could not help admitting that as far as looks went, he had made a good choice.

The nice alpaca traveling-dress was pronounced "most too stylish," but it was neither frivolous nor extravagant. And when next morning Dora came down in a chintz wrapper, and offered her help in the kitchen, saying she knew how to do housework, and liked it too, her victory over Tom's mother was pretty well won.

They spent a pleasant week, and then returned to Woodstown, and Tom did not quite at first finish their wedding trip with a visit to her.

During their visit, mother Morris learned that Dora had saved five hundred dollars from her salary. This, she supposed, would furnish the house, and therefore she withheld for the pretense, as she had intended giving them for that purpose.

In a few weeks she went over to see them. Tom and Dora were delighted to show her over every nook and corner of the neat, new house.

The first object that met mother Morris's eye in the parlor, was a fine piano.

"A piano! I didn't know you could afford one, Tom!" was her exclamation.

"I couldn't, mother," says Tom. "To furnish the house was all I could do. Dora bought that with her five hundred dollars."

"It is my own extravagance," said Dora, smiling, though her fair cheeks flushed a little. "I felt as if I couldn't live without music."

"Oh!" was all the answer mother Morris gave. But her manner showed that she did think it extravagant, and Dora felt it keenly.

Only the more, because Tom did not quite approve of the purchase of the piano, but thought it would be better to wait a few years.

Dora did not offer to play for mother Morris, nor did any one ask her. The piano was kept quietly closed during her visit.

Everything was in faultless order. The good

mother-in-law could find no flaw, save the one extravagance in the parlor, which was tacitly avoided by all of them.

Time went on, and Tom's affairs prospered finely the first year. Then the hard times set in, and stronger houses than Tom's felt the pressure.

He got along pretty well, all things considered. But his mother, when she came for her usual spring visit, could see that he looked worn and worried.

One evening he came in very pale, and threw himself in his chair with a moaning groan.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?" asked both mother Morris and Dora, at once.

"Matter enough! I've tried so hard to keep up, and now everything has got to go by the board!" groaned Tom, leaning his face in his hands.

"Let us know what you mean. Is it your business?" asked mother Morris.

"Yes; I thought I had everything arranged and I could keep up nicely, if I could get through the next three days; and I can't do it."

"Why didn't you come to me for help?" asked mother Morris.

"I thought I could get through by myself, and then I would have been so proud," declared poor Tom. "If I had known this yesterday, I could have got help for a few days."

"Known what?" asked Dora, quietly.

"Roxie and Rose failed today. Nobody thought of such a thing yesterday, but it's a dead break, a tee-total smash. I hold some paper of theirs, which must be paid to-morrow morning, or the bank will put it to protest. And if my name comes right on, and I'll be ruined by to-morrow night! Ah me!" and Tom groaned again.

"How much is the note?" asked Dora, a suppressed excitement in her voice.

"Twelve hundred!"

"How much can you raise on it?"

"I can let you have the money, but we can't get it here by to-morrow morning," said his mother.

"No, we could not, thank you all the same, mother. But it's too late! Too late! I only care for your sake, Dora, dear, I don't mind for myself."

Dora rose and left the room without a word.

"It's more than she can bear," sighed poor Tom.

"Selfish! She don't try to comfort you!" thought the mother, though she forbore to add to Tom's grief by a word.

Presently Dora came back, and her mother-in-law, glancing at her, was almost indignant at her bright, merry face. She could not help say:

"Dora, you look as if you didn't believe it."

"No more I don't!" said Dora, brightly. She went straight over to Tom, and said to him:

"Hold out your two hands, mister!"

Drawing her own little hands, close clasped, through his, she left in his palms a thick roll of bills.

"Dora, what is this?" cried Tom.

"Money—count it," said Dora, laconically. Tom counted. Just eight hundred dollars.

"Dora, whose money is this?" he asked.

"It was mine a minute ago. It is yours, now," answered Mrs. Dora, demurely.

"Where did you get it?" demanded Tom.

"The piano got it for me. Did you think I was going to do nothing, while you worked, Tom? You knew I had some music scholars."

"You said you meant to take two or three, for spending money, and I thought that was all you had done."

"But you see you are away from home so much, you don't know what I'm up to here. I have had all the scholars I could attend to, and hard work to get through, sometimes. I've made all that, Tom, and I kept it for some hour of need. Will it help you now?"

"Help me!" and Tom just pulled Dora down on his knee, and cried like a girl, big fellow as he was. And I'm not sure mother Morris and Dora both didn't help him!

But I am sure the note didn't go to protest. And with a little help from his mother, Tom weathered the gale, and was as prosperous as ever.

And mother Morris took back every word she had said about extravagance, and "store-girls," and now thinks there is nobody, anywhere, equal to Tom's wife.

While Dora, next to that big, good-natured husband of hers, prizes and loves her mother-in-law.

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

When the roads are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows,
When the North Wind spouts, for the fakers are shut,
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the lattice glows,
And a Rosalind face at the casement shows,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarkest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a formal cut,
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blossoms stir and glow,
And the young year draws to the "wanton prime,"
And the courting goes, and the wooing goes,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts diadematic strut,
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"
In a starred procession of "If" and "But,"
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
And the birds are glad in the pairing time,
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

IN VOY.
In the valley of life—for its needs and woes,
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
But whenever the joy-bells clash and chime,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

THE FRESH OF FRISCO:
OR,
The Heiress of Buenaventura.
A Story of Southern California.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF-DEMON," "INJUN DICK,"
"THE POLAR SKY," "THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "THE CHILD OF THE SAVANNA,"
"PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "ACE OF SPADES,"
"OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.
TURNING THE TABLES.

WITH the spring of a tiger the unknown assailant had leaped upon the adventurer, and stout Sandy McAlpine, despite his great strength, was taken at a fearful disadvantage.

The merchant was out and so he instantly so prompt to act, and being a man of large and muscular frame, almost a match for McAlpine at any time, he proved to be of no mean assistance to the other.

In a second after the new-comer attacked the adventurer in the rear, McKerr grappled with him in front, and between the efforts of the two, despite Sandy's desperate struggles, he was quickly brought to the ground, and then, when this feat was accomplished, with a dexterity due to long and constant practice, the new-comer whipped out a lariat and skillfully trussed McAlpine hand and foot, and so tightly and artistically was this job performed, that, when it was concluded, the adventurer was practically as helpless as a child in the hands of his foes, exposed to a terrible fate indeed if they chose to push their advantage.

McAlpine conquered, the two victors stood upright, drew a long breath and looked down in triumph upon their prey.

The merchant had at once recognized the Mexican, for it was the cutthroat bully of Tejon Camp who had come so opportunely to his assistance. The alcalde had not neglected to introduce his best bravo to the merchant.

"Now then, Sandy McAlpine, I fancy that the situation is somewhat changed!" McKerr exclaimed, in triumph.

"I was foolish to have given you a single chance for your life!" the adventurer retorted, bitterly. "I ought to have settled my account with you with a well-aimed bullet the moment I saw you."

"Oh!" McKerr cried, "is that what you think? By the faith that is in me, Sandy McAlpine, I think that, with your own lips, you have sealed your doom!" And then he turned to the Mexican. "How did it happen that you came as you did? Was it accident or design? By all that is lucky but you came at the right moment, for this fellow had me foul!"

"Orders," replied the cut-throat, laconically.

"Oh, yes, orders!" cried the adventurer, in anger, "orders from your ally, the black-hearted alcalde of Tejon Camp, and, like a fool, I never suspected that he would put a watch upon me, although I might have known that he would."

"You are not a wise man to walk into the lion's den, take him by the beard and then think no evil consequences would follow the rash act," the merchant remarked. "What were the orders regarding this fellow?" he asked, again addressing the Mexican.

"To follow him—find out where he went and who he had with him, for he said that a woman accompanied him."

"Aha!" cried McKerr, abruptly, "that was your game, eh?" The merchant, a shrewd and crafty plotter himself, at once jumped to the other's plan. "You pretended that Barbara Scott had escaped from the wreck, and you came here to see how much money you could extort out of us. Oh, it was a bold game; but it failed, and now I am master of your fate. Come, what have you to say for yourself?"

The adventurer scowled, but would not gratify his enemy with a reply.

"But you have failed at every point, and now your life is at my mercy!" the merchant continued, in triumph. "Sandy McAlpine, is there any reason in the world why I should spare you, now that I hold you helpless in my power?"

"Oh, go on with your work, and don't waste your breath," McAlpine retorted, impatiently; "you may need it some day to cool your porridge."

"What were the orders in regard to this man's life?" the merchant asked of the Mexican.

"To kill him if he was ugly," the cutthroat answered, speaking as carelessly as though he referred to a rabbit rather than to a human being.

"Well, then you might as well settle him at once and save all further trouble," McKerr remarked, after reflecting for a moment in regard to the matter.

The Mexican took his revolver from his pocket where it hung suspended at his side and cocking the weapon coolly approached the helpless man in order to make his aim certain.

Despite his iron will and his cool nerves the sweat-drops began to ooze out on the forehead of the adventurer. Sandy McAlpine had seen the dark angel of death pretty close to him quite a number of times during his life of adventure, but never nearer than now.

"All ready," said the bravo, taking deliberate aim at the head of the prostrate man, the muzzle not a yard from him.

"Pull, then, and good-by, Sandy McAlpine!" cried the merchant.

The Mexican obeyed on the word, but there were two reports instead of one, the first a moment quicker than the second.

Wonderful was the result.

A mere corner had turned the bend in the trail, on a hundred feet off, just at the moment when the merchant had given the command to fire, and, unobserved by all the actors in the tragic scene, had immediately taken a hand in the affair.

He perceived that murder was in the air and at once took action. He was resolved at all hazards and at all risks, if he could, to prevent the perpetration of the bloody deed.

His first shot, the Mexican's second. Lope had aimed, with bloody design, to take the life of the adventurer, and the new-comer, with a quick, snap shot, fired apparently without the formality of aim being taken at all, had struck the revolver from the hand of the cutthroat, the shock acting upon the Mexican like a shock from a galvanic battery, almost rendering helpless his strong, cunning right arm.

The timely bullet saved the life of the bound and helpless man, for the bullet of the bravo, sped away harmless through the air.

"Hallo! what are you about?" the new-comer cried, the moment he fired, advancing rapidly with outstretched weapon, fully master of the situation.

"Help! help!" exclaimed McAlpine; "these men intend to murder me in cold blood."

By this time the Mexican had recovered from the effects of the sudden shock which the stranger had so unceremoniously bestowed upon him, and, with a muttered curse, he sprang toward his revolver, but the stranger was on the alert and with a warning word he halted the cutthroat.

"Hold on!" he cried, imperiously, "don't touch that weapon or I shall be compelled to bore you!"

The tone of the stranger's voice perfectly satisfied the Mexican that the speaker would be as good as his word, and then, too, the new-comer was no stranger to him, although he was to the merchant who had never had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

The new-comer was Jackson Blake, the Fresh of Frisco.

With that remarkable spirit of interference which was so strong in his nature, Blake no sooner looked upon the scene than he was impelled to come to the rescue of the man, who, bound and helpless upon the ground, was at the mercy of the others.

The merchant glared in anger when he saw the Mexican halt so promptly at the call of the new-comer. He knew nothing of Blake—nothing whatever of the Fresh of Frisco's wonderful skill with all sorts of weapons; he had no idea that it was the stranger's skillfully-aimed ball which had stricken the contrary he had fancied that Lope had carelessly missed the almost certain shot and had dropped his weapon in disgust, and so the wily McKerr, loth to give up the prey, now so secure in his power, shared a brave front to the stranger.

His revolver was out and so he instantly "covered" the bold intruder with an operation which did not seem to trouble Blake in the least, for he held his weapon at the level of his waist and made no attempt to repeat the other's threatening gesture.

"Be off with you and mind your own business!" the merchant cried, loudly. "Why do you thrust yourself into a quarrel which can have no possible interest to you?"

"Oh, it's a way I have," Blake replied, in his easy, careless manner, which was so deceptive, and which so generally led strangers into a wrong impression.

"Well, it's a way that you had better get out of!" cried McKerr, arrogantly. He fancied that he had measured his man, and that, awed by his bold front, the stranger was, to use the mountain phrase, beginning to "take water."

"Oh, but I ain't, you know," Blake retorted, rather enjoying the joke.

"You had better; you may interfere in a quarrel that will cost you dear!"

"This one, perhaps, eh?" asked Blake, in a bantering tone.

"Yes, this one, and if you'll take my advice you'll travel out of this about as fast as your legs can carry you."

"And supposing I don't choose to travel, what then?"

"What then?" cried McKerr, angrily, "why then I'll give you a single bullet for a funeral for you."

"Ha! ha!" Blake laughed, merrily, for the idea struck him as being a comical one, "you'll provide a funeral for me, eh? I hope that you'll give me time to get ready."

"Come, be off with you; I am tired of talking!" McKerr commanded.

"Well, stop talking then and act a little."

"You fool! do you want me to murder you in cold blood?"

"You murder me? Oh, nonsense!" was Blake's cool rejoinder.

CHAPTER XXVIII. A FAIR PROPOSAL.

For a moment McKerr stared in amazement; to be thus defied by a man completely in his power and at his mercy was really wonderful.

"Why, you impudent scoundrel!" he cried, in a rage, "haven't you got eyes? Can't you see at a glance that I hold your life in the very hollow of my hand?"

"No, I can't see, and I very much doubt that such is the case."

"Why I have you now 'covered' by my weapon—"

"And the hammer down," Blake interrupted, quickly, "while my revolver are self-cockers and they only require a single pull to both raise the hammer and let loose the charge. Now calculate how many shots I can fire while you are cocking your pistol and see how much chance you have. Why, you big idiot! I could put three balls at least into you before you could cock your own pistol."

For the first time the merchant comprehended that he had mistaken the man, and that the stranger really held him at a terrible disadvantage.

"Now, then," Blake continued, "I propose to set in judgment in this case. I don't know anything about the merits of this quarrel at all, and so I am well qualified to give a most impartial opinion. At present you've got this man foul, and, if I'm any judge of signs, you were going to send him either to heaven or to the other place, with a mighty short shrift, when I appeared upon the scene."

"He attempted my life!" cried McKerr, hastily, "and swore that he would kill me if I didn't sign a check for five thousand dollars!"

"Stranger, I call upon you to give me a fair show for my life!" McAlpine exclaimed, eager, like a drowning man, to clutch at any straw that promised hope.

"You shall have it, sir," Blake replied, with a courteous bow. "I give you my word for that. You shall find, all of you, that I'll make the most impartial and upright judge that ever heard a case in the 'hyar golden land.'"

"I am satisfied to abide by your decision!" the adventurer cried, quickly. "If after hearing the case you decide that I ought to meet death at the hands of this man, I will surrender my life, without a single appeal for mercy!"

"He talks fair enough!" declared Blake, addressing the merchant; "what have you to say in regard to the matter?"

"Why should I submit my quarrels to your judgment?" McKerr demanded, angrily. "This man and myself are bitter enemies; the fortune of war has given him into my hands; I am overpowered and bound him—his life is mine; why then should I give him another chance simply at your bidding?"

"Because, you are two to one and that ain't fair play!" Blake responded. "If you were man to man, and you had overcome him in a fair fight, why then it would be a different matter; to slay a man in the heat of passion, with the red riot of rage hot in your brain, is one thing; but to kill a foe in cold

THE ONLY WAY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

My dear Miss Arabella Way,
To love you I'm inclined,
For you're the Way I long have sought—
Which I am glad to find.
To me the way of life is lone
Without a single care,
And I must beg you to believe
I've seen a Way-farer.

To many ways my footsteps led
Where gleamed no kindly ray,
But now my feet are turned to you
Who are my only Way.

My hopes which have been wrapt in night
By you have been turned day-ward;
Forgive me if those hopes to-day
Are rather turning Way-ward.

I find you all that I could wish;
It pleases me to say
My love is not a hasty love—
I love you dear all-day.

With no one in my life to cheer,
Indeed it is a lone way;
Your own way you can have through life
If I can have my own Way.

I used to think I would be blessed
And happy every day
If I could only reach out hands
And gladly give away.

Your smile through all the ill that come
I know would make me safer,
And I would stand to you through all,
Like any other Way-fer.

My fortune at your darling feet
I very gladly lay;
Your father's rich; where there's a will
I know there is a Way.

The grace and beauty of your charms
I'd not be overrating,
And your sweet answer to be mine
Quite patiently I Way-ding.

With your consent the question I
Before your eye will lay,
And very fondly do I hope
That he'll give me a Way.

The right of Way is a bliss
Long for in a great way;
I'll go and see your pa, my love,
And I shall go there straight-way.

Walt. Ferguson's Cruise.

A Tale of the Antarctic Sea.

BY C. D. CLARK.

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," "TENTING IN THE NORTH WOODS," ETC., ETC.

VI.

PARTING WITH MINNIE, THE FIRST 'BERG—A CLOSE SHAVE.

THERE was a fixed look in the eyes of the captain of the barque as he saw the boats recede, bearing the ones he loved best on earth, and then his eyes turned for a moment upon the manly form of the boy.

"I'll say one thing for you, my lad," he cried; "you have the making of a man and a sailor in you, and if I live I'll remember what you have done for me this night."

"That's all right," returned Walt, shifting his position uneasily on the rail, "but it seems to me this is a mighty hot place to be in. What are you looking at with?"

"Spermin oil,"

"Splendid stuff to make a fire of when the fire is not too close to the chimney. I'll have to jump overboard if this keeps getting hotter. I like a good fire, but this is too much of a good thing."

They crawled out as far as they could on the davits, looking up from time to time at the swaying masts. The foremast fell; the main went over the side; the flames were rapidly eating into the mizen, and they knew by its uneasy motion that the fire in the hold was eating away the stepping of the mast. Walt kept looking at it intently.

"I don't know how you feel in regard to the matter," said the boy, "but I am of the opinion that, when that mast falls, it is going to clean up the rail as neat as you please. Be ready for a dive. Yahl! There it comes!"

The mast began to bend toward them in an ominous manner, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, the captain plunged head-first into the sea. He was quickly followed by the captain, not a minute too soon, for the mast was crashing down upon the stern of the ship in such a way that both of them must have been killed had they remained upon the davits. Walt swam under water for quite a little distance before he rose, and when he did so he saw the captain not far away, in the act of sinking. He had risen too soon and been struck by one of the falling fragments of the mast. Making a desperate effort, Walt reached him just in time to support him as he was about to sink.

"Steady, Cap!" he said. "Brace up, and be somebody; you are all right."

Disengaging one hand, he caught a floating spar near by and drew it toward him. A moment more, and he had passed it under the arm of the captain, so that he could cling to it. Pushing the spar before him he gained the floating mainmast, and drawing the two together lashed them tightly at the cross-trees. This done, he sprang out of the water, and by a mighty effort drew the captain out and laid him on the spar. Scarcely had he done so, when gliding through the water close at hand, he saw the dorsal fin of a giant shark.

"That was touch and go," he muttered. "If that old rip had been a little more lively he would have made it hot for us, I'm thinking. Hurrah! here comes a boat!"

As he spoke one of the whale-boats dashed up; the two were assisted to enter; it was quickly turned to the ship; and in half an hour the stanch vessel was headed away on her course, leaving the boy waving a friendly boom of the ocean. The captain was carried into the cabin where his wife and daughter received him eagerly, and by their united efforts succeeded in bringing him back to life, although he had received a severe concussion of the scalp. When he was sufficiently recovered, Captain Stone came down.

"We'll be likely to meet some homeward-bound ships off the Falkland," he stated. "Most likely you'd like to get home as soon as possible."

"It is little I care for that," was the reply, "if I could send my wife and daughter home, I'll tell you what it is, Cap; if you will give me a fair share of the profits I'll show you where you can fill up with seal in six weeks. What do you say?"

"That I will give any man ten per cent. of the profits who will do that trick for me."

"I'm the man, then," said the captain of the Ellen Floyd, "and Harry Floyd never told a lie yet. I know the seal."

"The home of the seal?" cried Captain Stone.

"Why, man, if you could do what you say I'd take your whole crew with me to make quick work."

"You don't want them all. I've got three or four devils here, but I can't use a curse to any ship, and I'll point out who you'd better take and who it would be best to leave at the Falklands. But, look at that barometer, captain; there is a storm brewing."

The captain excused himself and hurried on deck, where he found that Jack, not liking the look of the sky, already had shortened foresail, storm-jib, stay-sail and courses. Scarcely had the foot of Captain Stone touched the deck when the storm came roaring down upon them, making everything howl. There was nothing for it, as they had plenty of sea-room, but to lay her before the wind and scud. For two days and nights they flew on before the mighty gale, and when at last the sea went down they had left the Falklands far astern, and it would have been a great loss of time to have turned back.

"I've got to take them now, devils and all," said Captain Stone. "I don't see how we are to get rid of the ladies, either."

"I'd like to have them go home," declared Captain Harry, uneasily. "I would, indeed."

"I don't see how it can be done."

"Nor I, for that matter. But to take them down among the icebergs seems hard, after going round the Horn and hearing of home. Cuss that lubber who dropped a lantern in the hold of the Ellen Floyd."

"Sail on the lee bow!" shouted Zip Marlin, from the to'gallant forecastle. "An Australian liner, I think."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Captain Harry. "We can send the women on board and the liner will leave them at Rio, where they will be sure of a passage home."

"Keep her up to hail the liner!" shouted Captain Stone. "Your ladies had better get ready; I suppose they haven't got any money."

"Plenty; trust a woman to carry a large sum of money safely. I'm not at all afraid that Ellen will take good care of it, and I'm going to leave it with her."

An hour later the boat was lowered and the two women left the ship, much to the disgust of Walt, who had taken a violent boyish fancy to the pretty girl. Captain Harry went with them and made a bargain with the English captain to land them at Rio and see that they had a passage home on board some American ship. There were some tears shed, of course, and the last one to shake hands with Minnie was Walt.

"Remember that I am coming home to marry you, one of these days," he said, laughing. "I hope you won't forget and go and get spliced to some other lubber."

"I shall never forget you, Walter," she said, softly, as he sprung into the boat. "Be careful of yourself, and come home as soon as you can."

Many the weary weeks of peril that must pass before these two could meet again! Amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the hearty cheers of the crew of the liner, the boat sped back to the ship, where they were quickly hoisted aboard, and the Sea Lion stood on the Southern coast.

That night, in the middle watch, Walt saw his first iceberg. A great, white, glittering castle went majestically by, moving quite rapidly against the wind. Walter stood awestruck, watching the giant tower as it passed.

"I can't make out what it means by going against the wind in that way," he said, looking at Zip.

"That's the undercurrents, my boy. Don't you see there's three times as much of that air'berg under water as there is above it, and the currents in the sea can't be numbered. Keep her away a little, you at the wheel; think that thing is going to turn turtle."

The Sea Lion rapidly receded from the dangerous vicinity of the berg not a moment too soon, for the head of the berg suddenly bowed toward them and came within a few feet of the bow, and there arose the base, rearing itself high in the air, and dropping the spray from a hundred glittering points, on every tower which had been eaten out by the action of the water. A beautiful creation it was—shaped from pure white at the top to dark green at the base. As the boat stood there he felt a hand fall upon his shoulder, and turning, saw the eyes of Jack Maxwell peering into his with a strange look.

"You have made up your mind against me, I suppose, youngster," he said.

"I haven't," said so, Mr. Maxwell, "was the cautious reply."

"Don't say that you have not, either. That's right, my boy; play your game close. Now, what reason have I to be against you?"

"I don't know of anything, except because I saved your life."

The hand of the mate dropped from the shoulder of the lad, for he saw that he was not trusted.

"You don't believe there is any good in me, I see," he said, "but if you can't trust me, I tell you, my lad, there's been many a man and a time when I've been half mad as I thought—But let it go; I won't say another word to you about it."

He turned away with an angry scowl upon his face, when he heard a wild cry from the lips of the boy:

"Starboard your helm, Zip; for God's sake, hard!"

Zip heard the ringing cry and knew that the boy would not give any such alarm unless the danger was real. The wheel was turned, and the Sea Lion, quick to mind her helm, went off on the other tack. And as she did so there rose under the stern, hurled upon the awful depths by the undercurrent which had so long held it chained in its fierce grasp, the crest of a mighty iceberg. There was a harsh, grating, awful sound along the keel, and the stern of the ship was lifted, but the wind carried her onward even as the giant rose slowly, and they escaped only by the "skin of their teeth."

And all knew that but for the keen eyes of the boy, the Sea Lion would have been lifted bodily into the air, to be hurled down, dismembered and shattered, upon the surface of the dark water below. A shudder passed through every man in the watch as they saw the gigantic iceberg towering under the stern, and knew how narrow had been their escape.

The Jumper;

OR,
Impromptu Sleigh-Rides in the West.

BY EDWARD WILLET.

"Hi, Bob! here's a splendid fall of snow!"

The exclamation, with which Ben Bullitt greeted his friend Bob Braithwaite, who had come down into Kentucky for a winter visit.

Ben broke jumped out of his bed, and this exclamation broke from his lips as he looked out at the winter scene. There was a harsh, grating, awful sound along the keel, and the stern of the ship was lifted, but the wind carried her onward even as the giant rose slowly, and they escaped only by the "skin of their teeth."

And all knew that but for the keen eyes of the boy, the Sea Lion would have been lifted bodily into the air, to be hurled down, dismembered and shattered, upon the surface of the dark water below. A shudder passed through every man in the watch as they saw the gigantic iceberg towering under the stern, and knew how narrow had been their escape.

"That's no snow to speak of," he said. "You ought to see snow in the North, where the fall is sometimes as high as the fence-top."

"But this ain't the North," replied Ben. "It is very seldom that we have so much snow on the ground, and when we get it, we make the most of it."

As a matter of fact, both the boys were lying on their backs, looking up at the sky, where the snow was not much to speak of, lying not more than half a foot deep on the ground; but it was emphatically a "big thing" in Southern Kentucky, where even that depth of snow was a rarity, and as such was duly appreciated.

"How do you make the most of it?" asked Bob, as the boys began to hurry on their clothes.

"Sometimes we hunt rabbits, and sometimes we go sleigh-riding."

"I vote for the rabbit-hunting, this time."

"As you have plenty of sleigh-riding at home; but we don't get so much of it down here, and I am afraid that the girls will outvote you."

So it proved. When the boys got down-stairs, they found breakfast ready, and the girls—Ben's sister Sue, and his cousin, Ettie Armstrong—were waiting for them. The girls were strong—excited on the subject of snow, and they at once assailed Ben with an energy that put rabbit-hunting out of the question.

It was more than Ben Bullitt could do to resist the earnest entreaties of his favorite sister, backed by the quieter urging of his pretty cousin, and it may be doubted whether he was strongly desirous of resisting them. Of course he liked to be coaxed.

"Well, girls, you shall have your sleigh-rides," he said, "although Bob has expressed a preference for rabbit-hunting."

"Bob will of course give up to us," said big-eyed Sue, and of course Bob was glad enough to do so.

"But I don't understand it," he said. "I thought I had made the acquaintance of everything on the place; yet I have never seen anything in the shape of a sleigh. Where is your sleigh?"

"In the woods," briefly answered Ben.

"In the woods! Who ever heard of keeping a sleigh in the woods! Why do you leave it there?"

"Because it grew there. We will go and get it as soon as we finish breakfast. The truth is, Bob, that we don't keep a sleigh, nor does anybody in this neck of woods; so I've got to make a jumper."

"What is a jumper?"

"You shall see, before long, and you shall help to build it, too. Hurry with your breakfast, Bob, for there is no time to lose," said Ben, as he hurriedly left the table.

When Braithwaite went out on the back porch, he found his friend whetting his ax and waiting patiently.

"Come on!" said Ben, "if you don't want to hear the girls grumble for a solid week," and he strode off toward the woods, carrying his ax in the hollow of his arm, and followed by Bob, who could not easily keep up with him.

Ben Bullitt was seedling young hickories, and he knew just where to look for them. Having found a grove of them, he cut two saplings, about three inches at the butt, and gave one to Braithwaite, while he carried the other to the house.

The saplings were speedily peeled and dressed, being made smooth with the drawing-knife on the under side, and flattened on the upper side. Three holes were put through them with an inch-and-a-half auger. Then two slats were "rived" out of green rail timber, slightly dressed, and provided with auger-holes to match those in the saplings, and one additional hole in the end of each slat. Half a dozen square pieces of oak were "rived" out of a white-oak butt that was at hand for making boards, and were fitted to the holes in the saplings and the slats. Two of them were left at their full length, four feet, to serve as a support for the back of the seat; two others were sawed off a little shorter, to hold a dash-board, and the third pair were sawed off at the slat and wedged into it and the sapling. Then the small end of each sapling was drawn up through the hole in the end of each slat, and cut off and wedged there.

Then it was that Bob Braithwaite began to get an insight into the business of making jumpers. The saplings were the runners, the slats were the rails, and the uprights had their evident part to play in the programme. It only remained to put the machine firmly together and provide the seat.

This was done by nailing two lengths of board across the slats at the middle of the machine, one against the front uprights for a dashboard, three against the high uprights for the back of the seat, and one across the slats at the rear of the seat—"for the footman," as Bob remarked, but in reality to give a little more strength to the machine.

"Now it begins to look something like a jumper," said Ben, as he surveyed the work, with approval.

"Should think it would pull apart," remarked Bob.

"Wait; I had forgotten the front cross-piece. Ought to have made it fast to the ends of the runners before I cut them off. I must do the next best thing."

He procured a pair of buggy shafts, and lashed them firmly to the runners and the seat, and then built a seat by nailing one board upon another like a step. He completed the job by extending an oak slab from the top of the high upright on one side to the bottom of that on the other, and vice versa, nailing them there.

"I don't believe in nails," he said. "A true woodsman puts his trust in wooden pins and wedges; but we are in a hurry. Here is your jumper."

"It still looks to me as if it might pull apart," said Braithwaite.

"Maybe it will, but the chances are that it will hold together as long as we want to use it. That's the way we build 'em."

"I believe I can improve the pattern," said Bob.

Being requested to try, he took a stout plow-line, fastened it to one of the front uprights, just under the rail, carried it to the next rear upright on the other side, made it fast there, took the line around and similarly connected the other two uprights, and finished the work by binding the diagonals where they crossed with a length of strong cord.

"You Yankee are cute," said Ben Bullitt.

"We folks have been making jumpers for years, and never thought of that simple trick."

The jumper was complete. Time, according to Braithwaite's watch—including the search for the woods for saplings—one hour and forty-two minutes. Ben declared that if they had the job to do again they would knock off the forty-two minutes.

The girls, who had been eagerly watching the workmen, were ready with quills and buffalo-bone pens, and Ben, when he had harnessed his fast mare, Fan, and had put her between the shafts, said he must first take Braithwaite a turn, "just to see if the contraption was safe."

Fan started off with the jumper at a splendid pace, and both boys were satisfied with the running and staying qualities of the machine. They soon returned, and Bob was willing to give up his place. That sort of sleighing was very well for Kentucky, he said, but was no treat for a fellow from the North.

Ben Bullitt took out his cousin Ettie, and it was dinner-time when he brought her back. Sue was obliged to wait for her ride until that important meal was over, but could not be induced to delay her enjoyment a moment longer.

"I met Sam Staggs when I was out this morning, Sue," said Ben as he handed her into the jumper. "He was driving out Mollie Hester behind his fast nag, and he dared me to come down on the turnpike and have a race. I told him I would be there by two o'clock. Are you afraid?"

"I am only afraid that Fan might be beat," replied Sue.

"If that is all, I will give Fan a chance to do her best."

On the turnpike, just inside the first toll-gate beyond the cross-timber, the four horses were waiting for them. His fine gray horse was attached to a jumper, in which were Mollie Hester with his owner, all ready and eager for a race.

From here to Caldwell's place and back for a good pair of boots," said Ben Bullitt, as he reined up.

"All right," replied Staggs. "Give the word."

"Go!" exclaimed Ben, and both horses started off, as if they meant to do their very best.

For a little while the four horses were running and staying qualities of the machine. They soon returned, and Bob was willing to give up his place. That sort of sleighing was very well for Kentucky, he said, but was no treat for a fellow from the North.

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Europe Seen through American Eyes.

Paris by Night.

EXCURSION ON THE SEINE—ITS BRIDGES AND QUAYS—COURT OF PALAIS ROYAL—THE CHAMPS ELYSEES—EVENING AMUSEMENTS—THE PARISIAN FLOWER-GIRL—BOULEVARD LIFE—CAFÉ CUSTOMS OF THE FRENCH.

PARIS, with its attractive features of gardens, fountains, and statues, boulevards, *cafés*, and open-air concerts, presents a brilliant and animated spectacle in the evening. Night offers a favorable opportunity to observe social phases of Parisian life, when the citizens of this gay metropolis turn out *en masse* at these popular places of resort. Gaslight adds a peculiar charm to the scene, flooding the streets and promenades with a splendor unequalled in any other European city. Enchantment rests on its gardens; a sweet musical rhythm is emitted from its fountains and cascades, showering forth gossamer veils of spray and fantastic jets to dance and glitter in the flood of artificial light. Arbors and summer-houses, embowered beneath vines and flowers, and encircled with variegated lights, impart a strange fascination to the scene, delighting and entrancing the stranger.

An evening excursion on the Seine, so rich in historical reminisc